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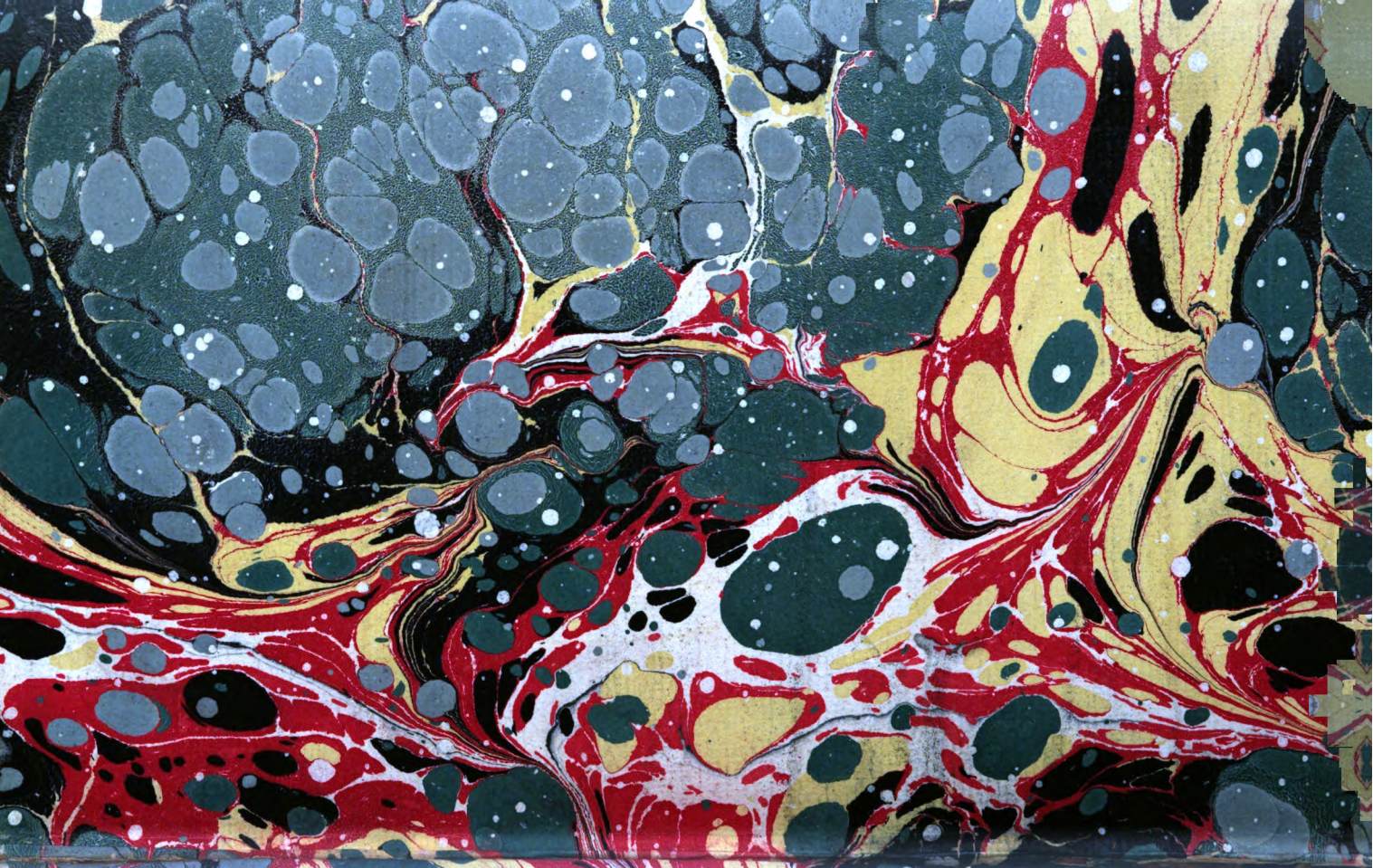

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

CONTAINING ALL HIS

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

Now first Collected and Published together

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ALSO AN

ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LONDON:
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THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES:

From the Thirteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field:
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?

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But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By diff'rent methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſoft deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for thoſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent ſtars, and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honors, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:

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Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone,)
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.
Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
(Ill for himſelf) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honors, gain the beſt;

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And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd
in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſell'd crime, which brands the
Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſuff'rings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;
And wiſhes (ſo may heav'n his wiſh fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
wounds,
To find him food and clothing, muſt employ
Againſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of
Troy.
Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
Becauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:

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Poor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
Rather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Who ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight:
Nor daring otherwiſe to vent his hate,
Accus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
And then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
Himſelf had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
By exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
Thus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
Ev'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
Forſook his friend ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardiſe has neither ears nor ſhame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyſſean lye,

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I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, tho' his friend,
Cannot that act excuſe, much leſs defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.
The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heav'n forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confeſs his fear;

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There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate:
And yet when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heav'ns, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:
Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:

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Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that ſav'd you from the ſword;
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honor ſhare;
They honor'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his ſlight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
A prieſt made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Nor ought of theſe was done, and Diomede away.
If on ſuch petty merits you confer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus ſuch arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:

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Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
Beneath that motion, or ſuſtain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toſs the beamy lance;
Much leſs the left that ampler ſhield advance;
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with coſt
Of the round world in riſing gold emboſs'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he ſtole the ſhield;
Which ſhould your error on the wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why aſks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-ſhield,
Nor the leaſt dint has ſuffer'd in the field,
Guiltleſs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of ſervice, muſt forſake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to ſcan?
My arguments are deeds, let action ſpeak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the ſtrife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.

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He ſaid: a murmur from the multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifl'd ſhout, enſu'd:
Till from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention ſpoke:
Soft was his tone, and ſober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heav'n, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
Theſe arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bleſs'd.
But ſince hard fate, and heav'n's ſevere decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me,
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome drops of kindly dew)
Who better can ſucceed Achilles loſt,
Than he who gave Achilles to your hoſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither he
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid thing, nor I may loſe the prize,
By having ſenſe, which heav'n to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cauſe employ'd:

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Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt myſelf, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For ev'ry man may freely uſe his own.
The deeds of long deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but ſince he draws his line
From Jove, and ſeems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am deſcended in the ſame degree:
My ſire Laertes was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the ſon of Jupiter:
No paricide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my ſire from paricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great ſire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:

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Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honor's cauſe by laws of honor try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's ſire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatning influence were paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not diſcover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;

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And while on female toys her fellows look,
Graſp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin ſhook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus beſpoke:
O Goddeſs-born! reſiſt not heav'n's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reſerv'd for thee;
Then ſeiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent bluſhing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my ſpear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Leſbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrneſus and ſtrong Chryſa fell:
And ſince I ſent the man who Hector ſlew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Thoſe arms I put into his living hand,
Thoſe arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverſe blaſts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad ſigns were ſeen, and oracles ſevere
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the ſeas.

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Affection, int'reſt, fame, his heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No ſubject could ſuſtain their ſov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durſt th' imperial pow'r control,
And undermin'd the parent in his ſoul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ranſom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:
Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glitt'ring with ſteel, and crouded with reſort:

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There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtrife,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,
Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe purſu'd.

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The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the pow'r ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his thund'ring tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then ſpeeding thro' the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crouded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.

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Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lye;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treach'rous Troy deſign'd:
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhœſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:

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Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw, and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhow'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,

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To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due:)
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honor to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardor fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat ſought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Pelides ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:

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Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The pond'rous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare, with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heav'n's planets, earth, and ocean's watry field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs, and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?
Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars?
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.

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His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me, my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honor ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſell'd for the beſt:

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Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heav'n's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;

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That work was mine; for Pallas, tho our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night;
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wand'ring ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſev'nfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil, and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:

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Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſt'rous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight; but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip her ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.

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What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigor, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet ſome deſp'rate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhew'd.

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Heav'n, air, and ocean rung, with loud applauſe,
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The Death of AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood,
'Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting blood.

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The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

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THE

Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

From the Thirteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was high'r,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heav'n and earth obey;
Immenſe thy pow'r, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,

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The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,
Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.

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Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought agen
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows, and riſing lilies are;

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More flow'ry than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch, than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Thro garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocs, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud:
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous, than a mother-bear:

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Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a troden ſnake:
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:

Nor

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Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding vallies hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these houshold dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of ven'son; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;

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So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it, in the watry glaſs,
And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tow'ring ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.

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The glorious lamp of heav'n, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heav'ns! I cannot bear.
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, tho that's the thing I moſt abhor;
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be born,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion, and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart,

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Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighb'ring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd;
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:

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That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And rowl, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſu'd from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and thro the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wond'rous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rowls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

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OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY,

From the Fifteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A King is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent

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To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cauſe.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forſook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a ſenior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis ſaid, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with reſt.
The hero, thence departing, bleſs'd the place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
A riſing town ſhall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myſcelos, the juſteſt man on earth,
Alemon's ſon, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy native ſoil, and make abode
Where Æſaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He ſaid; and ſleep forſook him, and the God.

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Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhould he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
All day he doubted, and when night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatning o'er his head;
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd,
O Pow'r, who haſt deſerv'd in heav'n a throne
Not giv'n, but by thy labors made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.
A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the ſable ſigns of death;

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The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſp'rous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favor'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:
Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, tho from heav'n remote, to heav'n could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;

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And penetrate, with his interior light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.
The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he diſcours'd of heav'n's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.
He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argu'd well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labor'd gardens wholſom herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their gen'rous juice;

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Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are loſt,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the froſt;
While kine to pails diſtended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of ſpring;
While earth not only can your needs ſupply,
But, laviſh of her ſtore, provides for luxury;
A guiltleſs feaſt adminiſters with eaſe,
And without blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild beaſts their maws with their ſlain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for ſome refuſe to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler ſteed,
On browz, and corn, the flow'ry meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heav'n endu'd with principles of blood,
He wiſely ſunder'd from the reſt, to yell
In foreſts, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where ſtronger beaſts oppreſs the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feaſts delight.
O impious uſe! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The ſtores of all ſhe ſhows, and all ſhe hides,

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If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
But not th' extended licence, to devour.

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Ill habits gather by unſeen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to ſeas.
The ſow, with her broad ſnout for rooting up
Th' intruſted ſeed, was judg'd to ſpoil the crop,
And intercept the ſweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody prieſt reſign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that ſhe dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had loſt his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at leaſt, ſome ſhadow of offence:
The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve,
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;

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When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began!
Nor this alone! but heav'n itſelf to bribe;
We to the Gods our impious acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompenſe with death their creature's toil;
Then call the bleſs'd above to ſhare the ſpoil:
The faireſt victim muſt the pow'rs appeaſe:
(So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murd'rous pray'r the prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples caſt,
(The fruit and product of his labors paſt;)
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails ſees
Torn out, for prieſts t' inſpect the Gods decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this guſt of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:

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And when you eat the well-deſerving beaſt,
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feaſt!
Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inſpiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will ſing of mighty myſteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the ſkies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the ſphere
Of ſhining ſtars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and ſcale the height
Of Atlas, who ſupports the heav'nly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And wanting wiſdom, fearful for the ſtate
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Thoſe I would teach; and by right reaſon bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkneſs, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems paſs,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the ſoul expires,
By time corrupted, or conſum'd by fires?
Nor dies the ſpirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes ſeats.

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Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former
ſhield.

Then death, ſo call'd, is but old matter dreſs'd
In ſome new figure, and a vary'd veſt:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt:
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.

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Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.

And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation, but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown.

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Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heav'n itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the ſplendor of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning horns.
For ev'ry day ſhe wanes, her face is leſs,
But, gath'ring into globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.
Perceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year,
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in ev'ry ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, tho freſh, and wanting to be led.

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The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flow'rets crown'd,
And laviſhly prefumes the fields around,
But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whençe the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt repleat
With kindly moiſture, and prolific heat.

Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Laſt, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His ſcalp if not diſhonor'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.

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Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful drops, the promiſe of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to ſhape the ſoft, coagulated maſs;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs embrio with a ſpirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throws begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled breath, and draw the living air;
Caſt on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpleſs babe, but by inſtinct he cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four feet imitates his brother beaſt:
By ſlow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horſeman now become,
He rides a ſtick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his firſt merry ſtage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his ſtrength, and ſpares his age.

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Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And tho 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now ſapleſs on the verge of death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former feet, and hands;
And, Milo-like, his ſlacken'd ſinews ſees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept when her too faithful glaſs
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wond'ring what charms her raviſhers could ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morſels eat.

Nor thoſe, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is ſaid of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heav'n aſcend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;
Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:

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But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.

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That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land, what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands:
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,

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Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholſom draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaur in his current waſh'd their wounds;
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now increaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd in the conqu'ring ſea.

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Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryal water ſhow,
To wond'ring paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapors, that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colic pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endu'd at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.

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The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That ſlide thro our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And pow'rful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, tho with moderate uſe,

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Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholſom bev'rage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When faſt Ortygia floated on the ſea;
Such were Cyanean iſles, when Typhis ſteer'd
Betwixt their ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting ſulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for ſulphur will expire,
(The veins exhauſted of the liquid ſtore;)
Time was ſhe caſt no flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulſive fits ſhe ſhakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent ſhe makes:

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Or when the wind in hollow caves are clos'd,
And ſubtil ſpirits find that way oppos'd,
They toſs up flints in air; the flints that hide
The ſeeds of fire, thus toſs'd in air, collide,
Kindling the ſulphur, till the fuel ſpent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether ſulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more aſcend; for earth ſupplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time conſum'd, the fire
Famiſh'd for want of fuel muſt expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who ſhiv'ring ſuffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked ſides they take.
'Tis ſaid, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themſelves to birds by magic ſkill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by ſure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a ſlaughter'd ſteer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harveſt home, and hope another ſpring.

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The warlike ſteed is multiply'd, we find,
To waſps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The reſt in earth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
And ſhoot his ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father loſt.
And worms, that ſtretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n ſlime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks 'em into ſhape, and gives
As much of form, as ſhe herſelf receives.

The grubs from their ſexangular abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leiſure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;

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And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from ſight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white aroſe.

There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.

All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath,) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:

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Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant-phœnix from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the ſun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna ſhews it, of a double kind,
Varying the ſexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The color of the thing to which he cleaves.

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India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted vines the ſharp-ey'd lynx beſtow'd,
Whoſe urine, ſhed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, ſoft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing ſpecies ſhould my ſong recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the day to night.
Nations and empires flouriſh and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a ſoft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.
Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:

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Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free thro fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iulus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in other mold

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My ſoul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to control,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change, and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our ſires, or grandſires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel.
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:

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Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſprindges, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:

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But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.
Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heav'n to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID's EPISTLES.

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PREFACE.

CONCERNING

OVID's EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his Metamorphoſes, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The Engliſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that he was deſigned to the ſtudy of the law, and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that profeſſion, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon, than what was pretended by Auguſtus, which was, the laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excuſed in the ſeverity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be ſaid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought, and of expreſſion, or ſearched into the nature of it more philoſophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reaſon as another man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is aſcribed to him, relating to the cauſe of the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Marc Antony the triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power,

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when words are queſtioned in a Poet. There is another gueſs of the grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt from reaſon: they will have him baniſhed for ſome favours, which, they ſay, he received from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he, who will obſerve the verſes, which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the higheſt quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why ſhould our Poet make his petition to Iſis, for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own huſband? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to have publiſhed an accident which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this opinion, is, that Ovid himſelf complains, that the true perſon of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verſes to her: which if it had been Julia, he durſt not have owned; and, beſides, an immediate puniſhment muſt have followed. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touched at the cauſe of his exile in thoſe obſcure verſes;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procured him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied, that this was the inceſt of the emperor with his own daughter: for Auguſtus was of a nature too vindicative, to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple baniſhment; but would certainly have ſecured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have hiſtorians given us any ſight into ſuch an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greateſt politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with ſo little ſecrecy, as not to ſhun the obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and ſeen her in a bath; for the words

Sine veſte Dianam

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agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt verſes, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: his baniſhment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs; and in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Auguſtus, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be witten, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his baniſhment, are addreſſed to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that ſome of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only ſeen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the buſineſs of a Poet, I know no author, who can juſtly be compared with ours, eſpecially in the deſcription of the paſſions. And, to prove this, I ſhall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for all paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally judges, when we are concerned in the repreſentation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the ſame paſſion in himſelf, which the Poet deſcribes in his feigned perſons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and reſults of thoſe paſſions, are generally ſuch as naturally ariſe from thoſe diſorderly motions of our ſpirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs, that the copiouſneſs of his wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his ſubject, and made his perſons ſpeak more eloquently than the violence of their paſſion would admit: ſo that he is frequently witty out of ſeaſon; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the falſe applauſe of

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fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why elſe ſhould he complain, that his Metamorphoſes was left unfiniſhed? Nothing ſure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the reſt: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I ſuppoſe would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him;

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is ſufficiently recompenſed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried: for if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his cotemporaries, it will be found, that thoſe poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ: and though the language of Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Pupureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

as Horace ſays: though the verſes are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in

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his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistolæ Heroidum, The letters of the Heriones. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters.

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines, and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Œenone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, tho, perhaps, he has romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies, who were

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forſaken by their lovers: which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to be the moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Johnſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ———

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the Earl of Roſcommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that, which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanſhaw, on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido.

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

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A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

It is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time: for the Latin (a moſt ſevere and compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowneſs, of modern tongues cannot ſupply in more. It is frequent alſo that the conceit is couched in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit, or almoſt ſenſe, out of it?

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumbered with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider, at the ſame time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the compaſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can ſhun a fall by uſing caution; but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: and when we have ſaid the beſt of it, it is but a fooliſh task; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Johnſon could not avoid obſcurity in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines: nay Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio:

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has indeed, avoided both theſe rocks in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of Homer's Odyſſey, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi, muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.

ROSCOMMON.

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But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πολὰ ἔχθη:]

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal, tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other; and, therefore, their reaſons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the ſame ſubject: that is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerved. But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar; becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to our underſtanding) to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be tranſlated literally; his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain, and Samſon-like he ſhakes it off. A genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but neceſſary to make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquiſi-

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tive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly: imitation of an author is the moſt advantageous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſed more liberty than he took himſelf) gives his reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid. "Poetry is ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal verſion are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have propoſed the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of tranſlating Poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language, and of his own: nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they ſhould be changed: but ſince every language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words. It is enough if he chooſe out ſome expreſſion which does not vitiate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the ſpirit of an author may be transfuſed, and yet not loſt: and thus it is plain, that the reaſon alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expreſſion: for thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and

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rob it of its native luſtre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expreſſion; neither is it neceſſary that words and lines ſhould be confined to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be ſo; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were altered; but it is his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe; that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial, or diſhoneſt: but the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

——— *Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this ſubject againſt the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it ſeems to me, that the true reaſon, why we have ſo few verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the author's ſenſe, but becauſe there are ſo few, who have all the talents, which are requiſite for tranſlation, and that there is ſo little praiſe, and ſo ſmall encouragement, for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

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CANACE to MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, inraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.

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O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands!
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands:
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule; but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their color boaſt,
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.

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I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
" When half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
" And guilt that made them anxious made them
great."
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?
What med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigor did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labor, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:

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My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamors, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy count'nance ſate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſp'ring me to live:)
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such pow'r have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate.
Thro this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.

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Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about;
And, mutt'ring pray'rs, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Thro the divided croud unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.

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By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
By breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"--(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword:)
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.

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Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Drag'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair;
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his fun'rals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

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HELEN to PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, tho ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and ev'ry faithleſs wind?
(For tho a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)

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Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Tho in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honor ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?

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Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Tho you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.

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The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honor I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (tho I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would
ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:

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Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, I love.
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.

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More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſollicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A Goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
The men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;

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That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O you Pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurpriſe.
For now the rumor ſpreads among the croud,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go, or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.

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I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames our mutual, and my huſband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.

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You court with words, when you ſhould force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wand'ring paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:

Shown

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Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonor leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.

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The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue.
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.

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You laſt demand a private conference;
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

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DIDO to ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips; and, having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy, (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:

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But having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honor, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails, and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing tow'rs your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſcepters and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage
know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.

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Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore;
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heav'n's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be pow'r in love.

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Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were ev'ry wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heav'n forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What couldſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.

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What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Sev'n winters kept thee wand'ring on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbor ſtrangers, ſuccor the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my fun'rals from below.
O chaſtity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead huſband's name!

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By death redeem my reputation loſt,
And to his arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
Cloſe by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue ſtands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Laſt night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith miſled.
His Goddeſs mother, and his aged ſire
Born on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
Oh! ſuch he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his love purſue.
But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;

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And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands;
With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
E'en to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee:
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my perſon would my crown defend:
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my huſband's murd'rer leave my life,
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then, ſince no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be born:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires ſuſtain.

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Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command;
Would the ſame God had barr'd thee from my land!
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years;
While thy long labors were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tyber now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;

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So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go:
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.
Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.
Thy weary men would be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, 'till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.

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Death holds my pen and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My fun'ral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title, when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID's ART OF LOVE.

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THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID's ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's ſchool whoe'er would take degree,
Muſt learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot; art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age;
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human kind.

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Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Tho ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters have I ſeen;
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, laſt, provide your love may long remain.

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On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humor beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts and harbor of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds;
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds.
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way.
Thou ſhalt not ſail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayſt thou find thy full deſires in both.

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Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence, will not balk the ſport.
In ſummer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt:
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from ev'ry thing but love:
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
E'en there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.

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There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, ſo num'rouſly they throng,
It may be ſaid, they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice.
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.

From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the commonwealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.

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His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes, or with leaves they ſtrew'd:
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was, The Beſt)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair;
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.

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Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And, with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his ſide.
Then ſooth'd her thus:--My ſoul's far better part,
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
Thus Romulus became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theatres are ſtill the ſcenes of love:
Nor ſhun the chariot's, and the courſer's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide.

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Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit:
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Inquire, whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe?
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand,
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well;

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By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight,
For his own honor, and for Rome's delight.
From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining Eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urns;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.

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Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſp'rous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!

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Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.

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The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Deſires increaſe at ev'ry ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapors add new vigor to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.

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The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful Muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſhopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flatt'ring ſkill:
E'en ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.

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To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they would firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his luſt than they,
And, more than women, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know, did firſt her love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her od'rous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed 'em bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated ev'ry heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.

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She cut him graſs; (ſo much can Love command)
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes ev'ry beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking aukwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:

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Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd, in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe would be Europa, Io now;
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd;
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea ſought,
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.

Doubt

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Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhould woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale galants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
  Firſt gain the maid: by her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and pray'rs;
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.

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Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel, while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, ſighing, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all;
For women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance?
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf would keep the ſport.
Thy bus'neſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:
E'en tho ſhe ſhould conſent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.

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I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's int'reſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhould not 'ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
And, for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.

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Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
But think, another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of Rome,
Know, all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that's a boding and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and, when thou canſt, begin:
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath, think no ſin:
Nor e'en on ſuperſtitious days abſtain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe's in humor, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.

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To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words thy love begin;
And ford the dang'rous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.

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With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage-vow;
(And ev'ry cheat in love the Gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.

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But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you would ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
E'en the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away:
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:

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What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Mean time, if ſhe carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſaunt'ring in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the play-houſe, and the play in one.
There thou mayſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.

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The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosly roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.

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She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become----- ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding ſatyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane; (the God was clear)
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The ſatyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her color, voice, and ſenſe forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.

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With heav'n I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid, and from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tigers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw;
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do:)
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires)
Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And, where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.

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Thy ſervice e'en her huſband muſt attend:
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive thro friendſhip's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, e'en affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

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True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely you may praiſe her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
In dying words, that repreſent thy wound:
Diſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt,
And, after, feels the torment he profeſt.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.

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By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
Her taper fingers praiſe, and little feet,
Such praiſes e'en the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And ſtill they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praiſe the proud peacock, and he ſpreads his train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make,
Or puniſh falſhood, for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our int'reſt that the Gods ſhould be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they ſee,
And both reward, and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones.

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Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

'Tis ſaid, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain ſupply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd: On thee the lot ſhall fall;
Be thou my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus Phaleris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.

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Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt:
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt ſight,
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.

When

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When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means Æacides to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the fates for Hector's thread aſſign?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt, ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd, when ſhe fought.

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For when diſclos'd, and haſt'ning to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did prefer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the ſex, they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou mayſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
E'en Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your pray'rs increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.

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Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.

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Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou mayſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
E'en Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your care begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.

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So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpons, ſome with darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and imitating them,
Try ſev'ral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

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FROM

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

FOR migh'y wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my meaſures to my ſubject ſuit.
Six feet for ev'ry verſe the Muſe deſign'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he ſaw my mind,
From ev'ry ſecond verſe a foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary ſaw,
On ſubjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'Tis more abſurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to battle move;
Or manly Pallas from that queen ſhould take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover ſhake.
In fields as well may Cynthia ſow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling ſtring,
For ſword and ſhield; and Mars may learn to ſing.
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Muſic for his harp may fear.

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Thus when with ſoaring wings I ſeek renown,
Thou pluck'ſt my pinions, and I flutter down.
Could I on ſuch mean thoughts my Muſe employ,
I want a miſtreſs or a blooming boy.
Thus I complain'd: his bow the ſtripling bent,
And choſe an arrow fit for his intent.
The ſhaft his purpoſe fatally purſues;
Now, poet, there's a ſubject for thy Muſe.
He ſaid: too well, alas, he knows his trade;
For in my breaſt a mortal wound he made.
(Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove)
My verſe is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows incloſe,
While in unequal verſe I ſing my woes.

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FROM

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. 4.

To his miſtreſs, whoſe huſband is invited to a feaſt with them. The poet inſtructs her how to behave herſelf in his company.

YOUR huſband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the laſt ſupper he ſhall eat.
And am poor I a gueſt invited there,
Only to ſee, while he may touch the fair?
To ſee you kiſs and hug your nauſeous lord,
While his leud hand deſcends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At ſuch a ſight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aſide,
Aſſail'd the bridegroom, and would force the bride.
I am not half a horſe, (I would I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counſel; which, obſerv'd, may be
Of ſome importance both to you and me.
Be ſure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er.

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Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in paſſing by.
Read in my looks what ſilently they ſpeak,
And ſlily, with your eyes, your anſwer make:
My lifted eye-brow ſhall declare my pain;
My right-hand to his fellow ſhall complain;
And on the back a letter ſhall deſign;
Beſides a note that ſhall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our laſt embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or ſay,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As ſuppliants uſe at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wiſh the devil may take your lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on thoſe ſervices employ:
Drink you, and I will ſnatch it from the boy;
Watching the part where your ſweet mouth hath been,
And thence with eager lips will ſuck it in.
If he, with clowniſh manners, thinks it fit
To taſte, and offer you the naſty bit,

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Reject his greaſy kindneſs, and reſtore
Th' unſav'ry morſel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor reſt
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breaſt.
Let not his hand within your boſom ſtray,
And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
But above all, let him no kiſs receive;
That's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that ſweet mouth reſign,
Leſt I riſe up in arms, and cry, 'tis mine.
I ſhall thruſt in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifeſt adult'rer will appear.
Theſe things are plain to ſight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor, with your hand, provoke my foe to riſe.
How many love-inventions I deplore,
Which I myſelf have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely ſhift
For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haſte,
While o'er my ſide the fair her mantle caſt.
You to your huſband ſhall not be ſo kind;
But, leſt you ſhould, your mantle leave behind.

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Encourage him to tope; but kiſs him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and ſnores apace,
Then we may take advice from time and place.
When all depart, when compliments are loud,
Be ſure to mix among the thickeſt crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miſs,
Perhaps to grubble, or at leaſt to kiſs.
Alas! what length of labour I employ,
Juſt to ſecure a ſhort and tranſient joy!
For night muſt part us; and when night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home,
He locks you in; I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kiſſes you, he more than kiſſes too;
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his joy by your conſent,
And let it not be given, but only lent.
Return no kiſs, nor move in any ſort;
Make it a dull and a malignant ſport.
Had I my wiſh, he ſhould no pleaſure take,
But ſlubber o'er your buſineſs for my ſake.
And whate'er fortune ſhall this night befal,
Coax me to-morrow, by forſwearing all.

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FROM

OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. 19.

IF for thyſelf thou wilt not watch thy whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with eaſe we nauſeouſly receive,
Who, but a ſot, would ſcorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my flames are blown up higher?
Make me deſpair, and then I can deſire.
Give me a jilt to teaze my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantaſtic humor knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herſelf ſtill new:
She, that next night I might the ſharper come,
Fell out with me, and ſent me faſting home;
Or ſome pretence to lie alone would take;
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her head, and teeth would ake:
'Till having won me to the higheſt ſtrain,
She took occaſion to be ſweet again.
With what a guſt, ye gods, we then imbrac'd!
How ev'ry kiſs was dearer than the laſt!

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Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign ſome fright,
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
Theſe are the arts that beſt ſecure thy reign,
And this the food, that muſt my fires maintain.
Groſs eaſy love does, like groſs diet, pall,
In ſqueaſy ſtomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden ſhow'rs.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's ſhape,
The watchman help'd her to a ſecond leap.
Let him who loves an eaſy Whetſtone whore,
Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common ſhore.
The jilting harlot ſtrikes the ſureſt blow,
A truth which I by ſad experience know.
The kind poor conſtant creature we deſpiſe;
Man but purſues the quarry while it flies.
But thou dull husband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;
If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows ſcratch'd, ſuſpect a rival there.
An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad;
Kick her, for ſhe's a letter-bearing bawd;

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In ſhort, be jealous as the devil in hell;
And ſet my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The ſneaking city-cuckold is my foe,
I ſcorn to ſtrike, but when he wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no drudge to any wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wouldſt not pocket up thy wrong:
If no affront can rouſe thee, underſtand
I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy houſe, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead ſo ill a life.
Now I can neither ſigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All thoſe occaſions thou haſt ta'en away.
Why art thou ſo incorrigibly civil?
Do ſomewhat I may wiſh thee at the devil.
For ſhame be no accomplice in my treaſon,
A pimping husband is too much in reaſon.
Once more wear horns, before I quite forſake her,
In hopes whereof, I reſt thy cuckold-maker.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE wiſhes and deſires of all good men, which have attended your lordſhip from your firſt appearance in the world, are at length accompliſhed in your obtaining thoſe honours and dignities, which you have ſo long deſerved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleaſed in your proſperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Veſpaſian was not more the delight of human kind. The univerſal empire made him only more known, and more powerful but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it, is not leſs: and though you could not extend your beneficence to ſo many perſons, yet you have loſt as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the ſun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquired you as many friends as there are perſons who have the honour to be known to you: meer acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line: and they who have converſed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth ſo generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a firſt principle, which is received as ſoon as it is propoſed; and needs not the reformation which Deſcartes uſed

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to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself, in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly: and Johnson, who by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French Stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of Poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others,

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by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes neareſt to excellency, tho not abſolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. It is incident to an elevated underſtanding, like your lordſhip's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleaſure on thoſe things, which are ſomewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of thoſe, who with their wretched art, cannot arrive to thoſe heights that you poſſeſs, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakeſpear; and for ought I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and ſciences, all moral and natural philoſophy, without knowing that they ever ſtudied them.

There is not an Engliſh writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordſhip excels all others, in all the ſeveral parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The moſt vain, and the moſt ambitious of our age, have not dared to aſſume ſo much, as the competitors of Themiſtocles: they have yielded the firſt place without diſpute; and have been arrogantly content to be eſteemed as ſecond to your lordſhip; and even that alſo with a *Longo ſed proximi intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their ſelf-conceit, they muſt be very ſingular in their opinion: they muſt be like the Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The world will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnaſſus.

I will not attempt, in this place to ſay any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The ſubject of this book confines me to Satyr; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whoſe aſhes I will not diſturb) has given you all the commendation, which his ſelf-ſufficiency could afford to any man: "The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonſon's verſes to the memory of Shakeſpear: an inſolent, ſparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the moſt godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your perſon, and deny'd to your writings: for they are every where ſo full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expoſe the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedneſs of thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of ſalt in all your verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the

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moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been ſparing of the gall; by which means you have pleaſed all readers, and offended none. Donn alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification. And were he tranſlated into numbers, and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament of Virgil, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your verſes, that it caſts a ſhadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal Donn in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with nice ſpeculations of philoſophy, when he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for ſo bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; ſo great a one in my opinion, that it throws his miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his Poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in ſatyr, wherein I have not ſtudied your writings as the moſt perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the original. Some few touches of your lordſhip, ſome ſecret graces which I have endeavoured to expreſs after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to paſs with approbation: but take your verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your proſperity, have their intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullneſs of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you uſed it not ſo well, and with ſo much generoſity.

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Fame is in itſelf a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his Gods, and place in it the happineſs of the bleſt: the divinity which we worſhip has given us not only a precept againſt it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a ſeventh day for reſt; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuſe you half your time: if you come out, like ſome great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diverſion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more (I may almoſt ſay) than the world without the daily courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repoſe for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requiſite to refreſh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient reproach to you; and ſhould I carry it as far as mankind would authoriſe me, would be little leſs than ſatyr. And, indeed, a provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of ſcriblers, who daily peſter the world with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either ſhot at rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their power was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwered not the Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſate to himſelf when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that ſatyr; and, laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnſon, the main pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentlemen in their converſation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, thoſe noble characters of men of wit and pleaſure

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about the town. The like conſiderations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their proſe and doggrel; I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof againſt their attacks, let me be thought by poſterity, what thoſe authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure ſo long, as to another age. But theſe dull makers of lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: ſome witty men may perhaps ſucceed to their deſigns, and mixing ſenſe with malice, blaſt the reputation of the moſt innocent amongſt men, and the moſt virtuous amongſt women.

Heaven be praiſed, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever miſchief they have deſigned, they have performed but little of it. Yet theſe ill writers, in all juſtice, ought themſelves to be expoſed: as Perſius has given us a fair example in his firſt ſatyr; which is levelled particularly at them: and none is ſo fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but alſo ſo juſt, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verſe, to puniſh and make examples of the bad. But of this I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true ſatires.

In the mean time, as a counſellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and ſtatute laws, may honeſtly inform a juſt prince how far his prerogative extends; ſo I may be allowed to tell your Lordſhip, who, by an undiſputed title, are the king of Poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it, over the petulant ſcriblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are abſolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the Stage. You can baniſh from thence ſcurrility and prophaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious inſolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that ſhock the public quiet, or the reputation of private perſons, under the notion of Humour. But I mean not the authority, which is annexed to your office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your perſon. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a maſterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you pleaſe, to give the final deciſion of wit; to put your ſtamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a brand of reprobation on

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clipt poetry, and falſe coin. A ſhilling dipt in the Bath may go for gold amongſt the ignorant, but the ſceptres on the guineas ſhew the difference. That your Lordſhip is formed by nature for this ſupremacy, I could eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the world) from the diſtinguiſhing character of your writing. Which is ſo viſible to me that I never could be impoſed on to receive for yours, what is written by any others; or to miſtake your genuine poetry for their ſpurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without ſome vanity in ſaying it) that in the ſame paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordſhip was only part, I could ſeparate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own braſs, (for there is not the ſame rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not: and was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was poſitively yours, and could not poſſibly be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad poems, though not all, carry their owners marks about them. There is ſome peculiar aukwardneſs, falſe grammar, imperfect ſenſe, or, at the leaſt, obſcurity; ſome brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they ſhould not ſign it with their names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſhed, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your ſtyle and manner of expreſſing them. A painter judging of ſome admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Vandike: but vulgar deſigns, and common draughts, are eaſily miſtaken, and miſapplied. Thus, by my long ſtudy of your Lordſhip, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like thoſe artiſts, I can only ſay, this is like the draught of ſuch a one, or like the colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that it is the hand of a good maſter; but in your performances, it is ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceived. If you write in your ſtrength, you ſtand revealed at the firſt view; and ſhould you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar graces, which only coſt me a ſecond conſideration to diſcover you: for I muſt ſay it, with all the ſeverity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accuſation would not

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be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confined his works within the compaſs of eighteen thouſand lines, and has not treated many ſubjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the beſt Poet. Martial ſays of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of genius is in your Lordſhip, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the ſame conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whoſe excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majeſty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good ſenſe is the ſame in all or moſt ages; and courſe of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very cauſes which produced the firſt: though it would be impudence to affirm that any ſuch have appeared.

It is manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all ſorts of arts and ſciences: as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt for Stage Poetry amongſt the Greeks: that of Auguſtus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Saluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his ſon Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and Poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That in ſuch an age, it is poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only of their ſpecies, and that nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satyr, I offer my-

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ſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both thoſe kinds; and I would inſtance in Shakeſpear of the former, of your lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country: but if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau; whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatyr is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: for ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar. Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſt of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the conſideration of Epique Poetry, I have confeſſed, that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as approached to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I muſt farther add, that Statius, the beſt verſificator next Virgil, knew not how to deſign after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in deſign and ſubject, and is beſides too full of heat and affectation; that among the moderns, Arioſto neither deſigned juſtly, nor obſerved any unity of action, or compaſs of time, or moderation in the vaſtneſs of his draught: his ſtyle is luxurious, without majeſty, or decency, and his adventurers without the compaſs of nature and poſſibility: Taſſo, whoſe deſign was regular, and who obſerved the rules of unity in time and place, more cloſely than Virgil, yet was not ſo happy in his action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verſe, in his Epiſodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forced; and beſides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticiſms; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic verſe, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo boyiſh an ambition in ſo grave a ſubject, are ſo far from being conſidered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from

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Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Taſſo, he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates Homer ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jeruſalem fifty ſons, only becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spencer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spencer: he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action: he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures: and endows each of them with ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or preference. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them that juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, ſhines throughout the whole Poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his Poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet, both of means and ſpirit, to accompliſh his deſign: for the reſt, his obſolete language, and the ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh.

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As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with ſo much juſtice, his ſubject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly ſo called. His deſign is the loſing of our happineſs: his event is not proſperous, like that of all other Epique works: his heavenly machines are many, and human perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rhymer's work out of his hands: he has promiſed the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope, he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words ſounding, and that no man has ſo happily copied the manner of Homer; or ſo copiouſly tranſlated his Greciſms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, ſometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of ſcripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his neceſſity; for therein he imitated Spencer, as Spencer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their maſters may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet in my opinion, obſolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant than thoſe in practice; and when their obſcurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the ſenſe; according to the rule of Horace, for the admiſſion of new words. But in both caſes a moderation is to be obſerved in the uſe of them. For unneceſſary coinage, as well as unneceſſary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtify Milton for his blank verſe, though I may excuſe him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have uſed it: for whatever cauſes he alledges for the aboliſhing of rhyme (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular reaſon is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his Juvenilia, or verſes written in his youth; where his rhyme is always conſtrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a digreſſion from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant ſays, is always narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, will qualify the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the

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crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerved the failings of many great wits amongſt the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epique poem: beſides theſe, or the like animadverſions of them by other men, there is a yet farther reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed, ſo well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſhed heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they ſay, that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe embelliſhments which are afforded in the belief of thoſe ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the ſevere notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in patience and ſuffering, for the love of God, whatever hardſhips can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of thoſe enterprizes which the poets call heroique; and which are commonly the effects of intereſt, oſtentation, pride, and worldly honors. That humility and reſignation are our prime virtues; and that theſe include no action, but that of the ſoul: when, as on the contrary, an heroique poem requires to its neceſſary deſign, and as its laſt perfection, ſome great action of war, the accompliſhment of ſome extraordinary undertaking, which requires the ſtrength and vigour of the body, the duty of a ſoldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in ſhort, as much, or more of the active virtue, than the ſuffering. But to this, the anſwer is very obvious. God has placed us in our ſeveral ſtations; the virtues of a private Chriſtian are patience, obedience, ſubmiſſion, and the like; but thoſe of a magiſtrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counſel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exerciſe of magnanimity, as well as juſtice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epique poem, or the heroique action of ſome great commander, enterprized for the common good, and honor of the Chriſtian cauſe, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the ſame talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own, or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedied.

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I wiſh I could as eaſily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critique as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honor which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Chriſtian religion in heroique poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport the weight than thoſe of heatheniſm. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a ſuperior Providence) but alſo eſpouſed the ſeveral parties, in a viſible corporeal deſcent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: though Virgil (more diſcreet than Homer in that laſt particular) has contented himſelf with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counſels or commands, to thoſe whoſe cauſe they had eſpouſed, without bringing them to the outrageouſneſs of blows. Now our religion (ſays he) is deprived of the greateſt part of thoſe machines; at leaſt the moſt ſhining in epique poetry. Though St. Michael in Arioſto ſeeks out Diſcord, to ſend her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine ſatire; and Satan in Taſſo, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Chriſtian camp, and brings an hoſt of devils to his aſſiſtance; yet the arch-angel, in the former example, when Diſcord was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monaſtery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many ſtripes, ſets her, on God's name, about her buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of ſtrength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a miniſter of hell: the ſame angel, in the latter inſtance from Taſſo (as if God had never another meſſenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the Chriſtians are already killed, and all the reſt are in a fair way of being routed, ſtickles betwixt the remainders of God's hoſt, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwiſe the whole buſineſs had miſcarried, and Jeruſalem remained untaken. This, ſays Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the combat; for nothing is more eaſy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what pleaſure, what entertainment can be raiſed from ſo pitiful a machine, where we ſee the ſucceſs of

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the battle from the very beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are Chriſtians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourſelves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much eaſe, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred ſoldiers defeats another, which conſiſts only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an argument againſt our modern poetry, as cannot be anſwered by thoſe mediums which have been uſed. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our religion has furniſhed us with any ſuch machines, as have made the ſtrength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to ſupply the manifeſt defects of our new writers? I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my weakneſs; and it is not very probable that I ſhould ſucceed in ſuch a project, whereof I have not had the leaſt hint from any of my predeceſſors, the poets, or any of their ſeconds, and coadjutors, the critiques. Yet we ſee the art of war is improved in ſieges, and new inſtruments of death are invented daily: ſomething new in philoſophy, and the mechanics is diſcovered almoſt every year: and the ſcience of former ages is improved by the ſucceeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in ſhort, That Chriſtian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own ſtrength. If they had ſearched the Old Teſtament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and thoſe more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Teſtament is, in the rules ſufficient for ſalvation. The peruſing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of platonique philoſophy, as it is now chriſtianized, would have the miniſtry of angels as ſtrong an engine, for the working up heroique poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raiſe theirs by all the fables of their Gods, which were only received for truths by the moſt ignorant and weakeſt of the people.

It is a doctrine almoſt univerſally received by Chriſtians, as well proteſtants as catholics, That there are guardian angels

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appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honor of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for God's honor, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observient of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best

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be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my buſineſs to ſhew or determine: theſe things muſt be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of ſo happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who being converſant in the philoſophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to chriſtian uſe; for (as Virgil gives us to underſtand by his example) he is the only proper perſon, of all others, for an epique poem, who to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a ſtrong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences, and particularly moral philoſophy, the mathematics, geography, and hiſtory, and with all theſe qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practiſe the variety of numbers, and is maſter of the language in which he writes; if ſuch a man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propoſed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant ſince the ancients.

There is another part of theſe machines yet wanting; but by what I have ſaid, it would have been eaſily ſupplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the oppoſition of ill ſpirits to the good; they have alſo their deſign, ever oppoſite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect ſyſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypotheſis of the evil ſpirits contending with the good. For being ſo much weaker ſince their fall, than thoſe bleſſed beings, they are yet ſuppoſed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of deſigning it. A great teſtimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty ſuffered Satan to appear in the holy ſynod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and alſo gave him power over all things belonging to his ſervant Job, excepting only life.

Now what theſe wicked ſpirits cannot compaſs, by the vaſt diſproportion of their forces to thoſe of the ſuperior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming league, confederacy, or ſubſerviency to the deſigns of ſome good angel, as far as conſiſts with his purity, to ſuffer ſuch an aid, the end of which may poſſibly be diſguiſed, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great error in ſuch a being: yet ſince a devil can appear like an angel of light; ſince craft and malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect underſtanding; and laſtly, ſince Milton has given us an

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example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the ſun, circumvented him even in his own province, and paſſed only for a curious traveller through thoſe new-created regions, that he might obſerve therein the workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his works.

I know not why, upon the ſame ſuppoſition, or ſome other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himſelf, but yet a creature; at leaſt by the connivance, or tacit permiſſion of the omniſcient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordſhip, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice, (though far unable for the attempt of ſuch a poem) and to have left the ſtage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two ſubjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chooſe that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which being farther diſtant in time, gives the greater ſcope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince in ſubduing Spain, and reſtoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which for the compaſs of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatneſs of the action, and its anſwerable event, for the magnanimity of the Engliſh hero, oppoſed to the ingratitude of the perſon whom he reſtored; and for the many beautiful epiſodes, which I had interwoven with the principal deſign, together with the characters of the chiefeſt Engliſh perſons; wherein, after Virgil and Spencer, I would have taken occaſion to repreſent my living friends and patrons of the nobleſt families, and alſo ſhadowed the events of future ages, in the ſucceſſion of our Imperial line: with theſe helps, and thoſe of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my predeceſſors; or at leaſt chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like deſign. But being encouraged only with fair words by king Charles II. my little ſalary ill paid, and no proſpect of a future ſubſiſtance, I was then diſcouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more inſufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly diſenabled me. Though I muſt ever acknowledge, to the honor of your lordſhip, and the eternal memory of your charity, that ſince this revolution, wherein I have pa-

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tiently ſuffered the ruin of my ſmall fortune, and the loſs of that poor ſubſiſtance which I had from two kings, whom I had ſerved more faithfully than profitably to myſelf; then your lordſhip was pleaſed, out of no other motive but your own nobleneſs, without any deſert of mine, or the leaſt ſollicitation from me, to make me a moſt bountiful preſent, which at that time, when I was moſt in want of it, came moſt ſeaſonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itſelf ſufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future ſervice, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in bleſſing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I muſt not preſume to defend the cauſe for which I now ſuffer, becauſe your lordſhip is engaged againſt it: but the more you are ſo, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aſide all the conſiderations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure diſintereſted charity. This is one amongſt many of your ſhining qualities, which diſtinguiſh you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without theſe ties of gratitude, and abſtracting from them all, I have a moſt particular inclination to honor you; and, if it were not too bold an expreſſion, to ſay, I love you. It is no ſhame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Auguſtus Cæſar of old, and cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been ſuch; and David and Solomon were ſuch. You, who without flattery, are the beſt of the preſent age in England, and would have been ſo, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honor in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all thoſe honors to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

Ne, forte, pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.

I have formerly ſaid in this epiſtle, that I could diſtinguiſh your writings from thoſe of any others: it is now time to clear myſelf from any imputation of ſelf-conceit on that ſubject. I aſſume not to myſelf any particular lights in this diſcovery; they are ſuch only as are obvious to every man of ſenſe and judgment, who loves poetry, and underſtands it. Your thoughts are always ſo remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may ſay, of another ſpecies, than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the ſurface of the ground; but lies ſo hidden, and

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and ſo deep, that the mines of it are ſeldom found; but the force of waters caſts it out from the bowels of mountains, and expoſes it amongſt the ſands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our ſearch. This ſucceſs attends your lordſhip's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the ſame tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is ſuch a care as would be ineffectual and fruitleſs in other men. It is the *curioſa felicitas* which Petronius aſcribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine ſo ſtrongly, ſo juſtly, and ſo pleaſantly: in ſhort, if we have the ſame knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the ſame quinteſſence; we cannot give it ſuch a term, ſuch a propriety, and ſuch a beauty: ſomething is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleneſs of our conception. Yet when you have finiſhed all, and it appears in its full luſtre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughneſs ſmoothed, when it is cut into a form, and ſet in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf could have performed the like, 'till he attempts it. It is juſt the deſcription that Horace makes of ſuch a finiſhed piece: it appears ſo eaſy, *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, auſus idem.* And beſides all this, it is your lordſhip's particular talent to lay your thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they would be crouded, and even a due connexion would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parentheſis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and ſunſhine by fits; you are always bright, even almoſt to a fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates ſuch an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but ſatisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call *Cæna dubia*; where there is ſuch plenty, yet withal ſo much diverſity, and ſo good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the concluſion, by a due climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not ſtudied your lordſhip with ſome application: and ſince you are ſo modeſt, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeneſs, though it is

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but in miniature: and that ſome of the beſt features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to diſtinguiſh you from any other, which is the propoſition that I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent buſineſs; the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius appearing in this new Engliſh dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcribed to any man as to your lordſhip, who are the firſt of the age in that way of writing. Your lordſhip, amongſt many other favours, has given me your permiſſion for this addreſs; and you have particularly encouraged me by your peruſal and approbation of the ſixth and tenth ſatires of Juvenal, as I have tranſlated them. My fellow-labourers have likewiſe commiſſioned me, to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all poſſible reſpect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honor to be known to your lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleaſed to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candor, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in ſo difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epiſtle, to give you, from the beſt authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of ſatire among the Romans. To deſcribe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its ſeveral qualifications and virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Perſius, and Juvenal, and ſhew the particular manners of their ſatires. And laſtly, to give an account of this new way of verſion which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakneſs of my ability, and the beſt lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe.

The moſt perfect work of poetry, ſays our maſter Ariſtotle, is tragedy. His reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt united; being more ſeverely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without epiſodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumſcribed at leaſt within the compaſs of one town, or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe advantages, an heroique poem is certainly the greateſt work of human nature. The beauties and perfec-

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tions of the other are but mechanical; thoſe of the epique are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or ceſſation from buſineſs, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epique is greater: the extention of time enlarges the pleaſure of the reader, and the epiſodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The inſtruction is equal; but in the firſt is only inſtructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the beſt and moſt abſolute heroique poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but if we conſider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are neceſſary to make an accompliſhed writer in either kind, tragedy requires a leſs and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and obſervation of the rules is ſufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epique poet, one who is worthy of that name, beſides an univerſal genius, is required univerſal learning, together with all thoſe qualities and acquiſitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have through haſte or negligence omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns, Ariſtotle and Horace, as his guides, and Vida and Boſſu, as their commentators, with many others both Italian and French critics, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to ſay in relation to this ſubject, which does not particularly concern ſatire, is, that the greatneſs of an heroique poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may eaſily be diſcovered, by obſerving how few have attempted that work, in compariſon of thoſe who have written drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But leaving the critics on either ſide, to contend about the preference due to this or that ſort of poetry; I will haſten to my preſent buſineſs, which is the antiquity and origin of ſatire, according to thoſe informations which I have received from the learned Caſaubon, Heinſius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I ſhall add ſome obſervations of my own.

There has been a long diſpute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their ſatire from the Grecians, or firſt invented it themſelves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinſius, are of the firſt opinion; Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publiſher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we

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take ſatire in the general ſignification of the word, as it is uſed in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almoſt as old as verſe; and though hymns, which are praiſes of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curſed Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, the huſband and wife excuſed themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe conjugal dialogues in proſe, which the poets have perfected in verſe. The third chapter of Job is one of the firſt inſtances of this poem in holy ſcripture: unleſs we will take it higher; from the latter end of the ſecond; where his wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

The original, I confeſs, is not much to the honor of ſatire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that ſcoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But conſidering ſatire as a ſpecies of poetry, here the war begins amongſt the critiques. Scaliger the father will have it deſcend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word ſatire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked noſe, powting lips, a bunch or ſtruma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body ſhagged with hair, eſpecially from the waiſt, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Caſaubon, and his followers, with reaſon, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *ſatira*, as it ſignifies a poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *ſatira* is not properly a ſubſtantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in Engliſh a charger, or large platter, is underſtood: ſo that the Greek poem made according to the manner of a ſatyr, and expreſſing his qualities, muſt properly be called ſatyrical, and not ſatyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had ſuch poems; but that they were wholly different in ſpecie, from that to which the Romans gave the name of ſatyr.

Ariſtotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progreſs of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the moſt barbarous, have the ſeeds of poetry implanted in them. The firſt ſpecimen of it was certainly ſhewn in the praiſes of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, ſo they are likewiſe of divine inſtitution.

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Which Milton obſerving, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The firſt poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet, and meaſures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Feſtivals and holidays ſoon ſucceeded to private worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome ſuperior Being in their neceſſities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whoſe bounty they ſuppoſed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Veſta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the ſame manner. But as all feſtivals have a double reaſon of their inſtitution; the firſt of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: ſo both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their ſacrifices were performed, to ſpend the remainder of the day in ſports and merriments; amongſt which, ſongs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefeſt entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of ſatires, whom I have already deſcribed; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young ſatyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themſelves like thoſe rural deities, and imitated them in their ruſtic dances, to which they joined ſongs, with ſome ſort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to theſe they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans alſo (as nature is the ſame in all places) though they knew nothing of thoſe Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who at their feſtivals danced and ſung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verſe, which they called ſaturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to diſcover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Thoſe ancient Romans, at theſe holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a cuſtom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a ſort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobling verſe; and they anſwered in the ſame kind of groſs raillery; their wit and their muſic being of a piece. The Grecians,

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ſays Caſaubon, had formerly done the ſame, in the perſons of their petulant ſatyrs: but I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the ſinging and dancing of the ſatyrs, with the ruſtical entertainments of the firſt Romans. The reaſon of my opinion is this; that Caſaubon finding little light from antiquity, of theſe beginnings of poetry, amongſt the Grecians, but only theſe repreſentations of ſatyrs, who carried canifters and cornucopias full of ſeveral fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feaſts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jeſting at one another in the ſame kind of ſolemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton ſatyrs did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe Horace poſſibly might ſeem to him, to have ſhewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcribed the beginning, and firſt rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verſes are theſe, which he cites from the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which was written to Auguſtus.

Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit.

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the ſoil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harveſt-home, with mirth and country-cheer
Reſtor'd their bodies for another year;
Refreſh'd their ſpirits, and renew'd their hope
Of ſuch a future feaſt, and future crop.
Then with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful ſpouſe;
A ſow they ſlew to Veſta's deity;
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flow'rs, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
A ſhort life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhimes enſue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

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Yet ſince it is a hard conjecture, that ſo great a man as Caſaubon ſhould miſapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not inſiſt on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that ſince all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the ſame beginning: both were invented at feſtivals of thankſgiving: and both were proſecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verſe: amongſt the Greeks, by thoſe who repreſented ſatyrs; and amongſt the Romans, by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Caſaubon on theſe two ſubjects, methinks I hear the ſame ſtory told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned critic takes notice alſo, in his illuſtrations on the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the ſame beginning, at feaſts of thankſgiving, as it has been obſerved; and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the ſatire of the Romans which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the fortune of both in proceſs of time was juſt the ſame; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in expoſing of particular perſons, and the rude ſatire of the Romans was alſo puniſhed by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in theſe words:

Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque reducti.

The law of the Decemviri was this; *Siquis occentaſſit malum carum, ſive condidiſit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital eſto.* A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible: but the

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critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric drama's, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of satyrs, which had before been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and as we daily see, in our own age, and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympique Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satirique tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides, which are yet remaining, there is one of these satyriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude, what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who with his company was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which Ulysses having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tra-

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gedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth perſons of Silenus, and the ſatyrs, to divert the common people with their groſs railleries.

Your lordſhip has perceived by this time, that this ſatirique tragedy, and the Roman ſatire, have little reſemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a paſtoral tragedy to do with a paper of verſes ſatirically written? The character and raillery of the ſatyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeneſs; were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the firſt farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek ſatirique poem from Caſaubon, before I leave this ſubject. The ſatirique, ſays he, is a dramatique poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which conſiſts of ſatyrs: the perſons repreſented in it, are illuſtrious men: the action of it is great; the ſtyle is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action moſt commonly is happy.

The Grecians, beſides theſe ſatirique tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman ſatire: thoſe ſilli were indeed invective poems, but of a different ſpecies from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the reſt of their ſucceſſors. They were ſo called, ſays Caſaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foſter-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their name απο τε σιλλαίνειν, from their ſcoffing and petulancy. From ſome fragments of the ſilli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were ſatirique poems, full of parodies; that is, of verſes patched up from great poets, and turned into another ſenſe than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Auſonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another ſenſe, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of conſummation fulſomely deſcribed in the very words of the moſt modeſt amongſt all poets. Of the ſame manner are our ſongs, which are turned into burleſque, and the ſerious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli the words are generally thoſe of Homer, and the tragique poets; but he applies them ſatirically, to ſome cuſtoms and kinds of philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not uſing

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any of theſe parodies in their ſatires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating verſes of other men, as Perſius cites ſome of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be ſuppoſed to be the original of Roman ſatire. To theſe Silli, conſiſting of parodies, we may properly add the ſatires which were written againſt particular perſons; ſuch as were the iambiques of Archilochus againſt Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his odes and epodes, whoſe titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the invective of Ovid againſt Ibis; and many others: but theſe are the under-wood of ſatire, rather than the timber-tree: they are not a general extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual perſon. And Horace ſeems to have purged himſelf from thoſe ſplenetic reflections in thoſe odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of ſatires, which were properly ſo called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length diſengaged myſelf from thoſe antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the beſt critiques, that the Roman ſatire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of Dacier I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows Caſaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my beſt and trueſt guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintilian ſays, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt:* and Horace has ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his predeceſſor in that ſort of poetry, *Et Græcis intacti carminis author.* Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the beſt critiques of the two beſt ages of the Roman empire, than that ſatire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have ſaid, Scaliger the father, according to his cuſtom, that is, inſolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reaſon, than the derivation of Satyrus from σαθυ, *ſalacitas*; and ſo from the letchery of thoſe fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently proved, that ſatire is derived from them. As if wantonneſs and lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the ſatyrs carried platters and caniſters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs ſatyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to ſatire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Gre-

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tian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we lay a full color, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the Gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them παναπρὸν θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and πανσπερμίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgiques.

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta. And in another place, *lanceſque & liba feremus:* that is, we offer the smoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which, (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any enter-

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tainments of the ſtate: chance and jollity firſt found out thoſe verſes which they called Saturnian, and Feſcennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, firſt produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſhed, as all other operations of the ſoul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and ſtudy. However, in occaſions of merriment they were firſt practiſed; and this rough caſt unhewn poetry, was inſtead of ſtage-plays, for the ſpace of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarſians of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that ſalvage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verſe. Little of the Saturnian verſes is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer proſe than poetry, without feet, or meaſure. They were ἔννυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be uſed in the ſolemn part of their ceremonies; and the Feſcennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoons debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The Feſcennine and Saturnian were the ſame; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientneſs, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were alſo called Feſcennine, from Feſcennina, a town in the ſame country, where they were firſt practiſed. The actors, with a groſs and ruſtic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this cuſtom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feaſts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at leaſt all kind of freedom in ſpeech was then allowed to ſlaves, even againſt their maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our Chriſtmas gambols. Soldiers alſo uſed thoſe Feſcennine verſes, after meaſure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæſar over Gaul, in theſe expreſſions: *Cæſar Gallias ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem.* The vapours of wine made the firſt ſatirical poets amongſt the Romans; which, ſays Dacier, we cannot better repreſent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the ſtories that were told of them in bake-houſes and barbers-ſhops.

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When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the Gods by plays, in the year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC: those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones:* and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clowniſh jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year CCCCCXIV. since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the

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works of thoſe Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but alſo the manner of their writing. And how grave ſoever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expreſſed the way of Ariſtophanes, Eupolis, and the reſt, which was to call ſome perſons by their own names, and to expoſe their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Ariſtophanes, who turned the wiſe Socrates into ridicule; and is alſo very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other miniſters of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the firſt hint of ſatirical plays on the Roman ſtage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrica, for that has been reaſonably exploded in the former part of this diſcourſe: but from their old comedy, which was imitated firſt by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace muſt be cautiouſly interpreted, where they affirm, that ſatire is wholly Roman; and a ſort of verſe, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the ſtandard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, ſince they ſpake of ſatire, not as in its firſt elements, but as it was formed into a ſeparate work; begun by Ennius; purſued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this poſtulatum, that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were alſo imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular perſons. For if this be granted me, which is a moſt probable ſuppoſition, it is eaſy to infer, that the firſt light which was given to the Roman theatrical ſatire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifeſtly diſcovered, when I come to ſpeak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, ſays he, ran in crowds to theſe new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former ſatires, which for ſome time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a ſeparate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, ſays Caſaubon; which were plays invented by the Oſci. Thoſe fables, ſays Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian ſeverity, and free from any note of infamy or obſceneneſs; and as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the exodiarii, which

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were ſingers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light ſongs, and mimical geſtures, that they might not go away oppreſſed with melancholy, from thoſe ſerious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient ſatire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuſcany: to that ſucceeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all theſe, ſprung two ſeveral branches of new Roman ſatire: like different cyons from the ſame root. Which I ſhall prove with as much brevity as the ſubject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman ſtage with his new drama's, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's eſtate, having ſeriouſly conſidered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the firſt ſatires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write ſatires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preſerved the ground-work of their pleaſantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular perſons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill ſucceſs, in a public repreſentation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the ſtage. The event was anſwerable to his expectation. He made diſcourſes in ſeveral ſorts of verſe, varied often in the ſame paper; retaining ſtill in the title their original name of ſatire. Both in relation to the ſubjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the ſatires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I ſaid, confines not himſelf to one ſort of verſe, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himſelf in his Margites, which is a kind of ſatire, as Scaliger obſerves, gives himſelf the licence, when one ſort of numbers comes not eaſily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambique trimeters; or with trochaique tetrameters; as appears by thoſe fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inſerting many things of his into his own ſatires, as Virgil has done into his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the firſt ſatiriſt in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, ſatire abſtracted from the ſtage, and new modelled into papers of verſes, on ſeveral ſubjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground work of ſatire from the firſt farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may poſſibly

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be ſo; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he ſaw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarſeneſs of his old country-men, in their clowniſh extemporary way of jeering.

But beſides this, it is univerſally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verſes were ſtuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himſelf believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the ſoul of Homer was transfuſed into him: which Perſius obſerves, in his ſixth ſatire: *poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe Mæonides.* But this being only the private opinion of ſo inconſiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther diſquiſition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the firſt author of Roman ſatire, as it is properly ſo called, and diſtinguiſhed from any ſort of ſtage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his ſiſter's ſon; that in probability he was inſtructed by his uncle, in his way of ſatire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flouriſhed moſt; he alſo made ſatires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more cloſely the *vetus comœdia* of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman ſatire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace ſeems to have made Lucilius the firſt author of ſatire in verſe amongſt the Romans, in theſe words, *Quid cum eſt Lucilius auſus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem:* he is only thus to be underſtood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the ſatire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new ſatire of his own: and Quintilian ſeems to explain this paſſage of Horace in theſe words: *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt Lucilius.*

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honor to Lucilius, amongſt the Latin ſatiriſts. For as the Roman language grew more refined, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian

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tilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the ſame account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and ſo did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The poliſhing of the Latin tongue, in the ſucceſſion of times, made the only difference. And Horace himſelf, in two of his ſatires, written purpoſely on this ſubject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little art, and much leſs care, but alſo in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet ſufficiently purged from the dregs of barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed, Dacier juſtly taxes Caſaubon, ſaying, that the ſatires of Lucilius were wholly different in ſpecie, from thoſe of Ennius and Pacuvius. Caſaubon was led into that miſtake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect ſays this: ſatire among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehenſion of vices: ſuch as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Perſius. But in former times, the name of ſatire was given to poems, which were compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſes; ſuch as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expreſſing the etymology of the word ſatire, from *ſatura*, which we have obſerved. Here it is manifeſt, that Diomedes makes a ſpecifical diſtinction betwixt the ſatires of Ennius and thoſe of Lucilius. But this, as we ſay in Engliſh, is only a diſtinction without a difference; for the reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozened honeſt Caſaubon, who relying on Diomedes, had not ſufficiently examined the origin and nature of thoſe two ſatires: which were entirely the ſame, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeneſs, and more ſalt; without any change in the ſubſtance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the ſame ſatire ſeveral ſorts of verſes, as Ennius did; yet he compoſed ſeveral ſatires, of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, and mingled them with Greek verſes: one poem conſiſted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambiques; a third of trochaiques; as is viſible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In ſhort, if the ſatires

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of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, 'till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cyniques.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintillian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows; "There "is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius "Varro, the most learned of the Romans: in which he was "not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro who was contemporary to Cicero, but must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

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We have nothing remaining of thoſe Varronian ſatires, excepting ſome inconſiderable fragments, and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preſerved, and they are generally double: from whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various ſubjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himſelf giving us ſome light concerning the ſcope and deſign of thoſe works. Wherein, after he had ſhewn his reaſons why he did not *ex profeſſo* write of philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, ſays he, that thoſe pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inſerted, which are drawn from the very intrails of philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argued: which I have mingled with pleaſantries on purpoſe, that they may more eaſily go down with the common ſort of unlearned readers. The reſt of the ſentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the compoſition of his ſatires, he ſo tempered philology with philoſophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himſelf confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addreſſes himſelf to Varro in theſe words. "And you "yourſelf have compoſed a moſt elegant and compleat poem; "you have begun philoſophy in many places: ſufficient to in"cite us, though too little to inſtruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of thoſe writers whom they called σπουδογέλοιοι, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his buſineſs was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own ſatires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any ſatires (for his were either dialogues or epiſtles,) but that Varro imitated his ſtyle, his manner, his facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly loſt, is, that by ſome he is eſteemed, as, amongſt the reſt, by Varro: by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obſcenity: that he was much given to thoſe parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verſes of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's ſatires are by Tully called abſolute, and moſt elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, ſeems to have imitated both his manners and his ſtile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himſelf is often introduced as a ſpeaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character

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is expreſſed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthineſs, and only expreſſes his witty pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his ſubjects were various, ſo moſt of them were tales or ſtories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from antiquity, by thoſe authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian ſatires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whoſe ſatire, they ſay, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made compleat: when it is made public, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one ſentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may alſo properly be called Varronian ſatires; particularly his True Hiſtory: and conſequently the Golden Aſs of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the ſame ſtamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Sympoſium, or Cæſars of Julian the Emperor. Amongſt the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Eraſmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mixed with proſe, as Varro's were: but of the ſame kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spencer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abſalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to ſay in general of ſatire: only as Dacier has obſerved before me, we may take notice, that the word ſatire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the Romans it was not only uſed for thoſe diſcourſes which decried vice, or expoſed folly; but for others alſo, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of ſatire is formidable to thoſe perſons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay ſatire, is to mean reflection, as we uſe that word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the French call it, more properly, Mediſance. In the criticiſm of ſpelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to diſtinguiſh its true derivation from *ſatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then it is falſe ſpelled throughout this book; for here it is written ſatyr. Which having not conſidered at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than ſatire.

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I am now arrived at the moſt difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Perſius. It is obſerved by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that theſe three poets have all their particular partiſans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himſelf obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to ſet up that intereſt which they have once eſpouſed, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common juſtice: and eſpecially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themſelves the beſt poets, becauſe they cannot go out of themſelves to judge ſincerely of their betters; ſo it is with critics, who, having firſt taken a liking to one of theſe poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illuſtrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondneſs, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not ſo much for his ſake as for their own. It is a folly of the ſame nature, with that of the Romans themſelves, in their games of the Circus; the ſpectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Praſini: ſome were for the charioteer in blue, and ſome for him in green. The colours themſelves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to ſet out thoſe of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the caſe was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that ſo earneſtly, that diſputes and quarrels, animoſities, commotions, and bloodſhed, often happened: and in the declenſion of the Grecian empire, the very ſovereigns themſelves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and ſtickled for the preference of colours, when the ſafety of their people was in queſtion. I am now, myſelf on the brink of the ſame precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt, for that reaſon, I ſhould be partial to them, or take a prejudice againſt Horace. Yet, on the other ſide, I would not be like ſome of our judges, who would give the cauſe for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppreſſor. I remember a ſaying of king Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtleſs an uncorrupt and upright man) That his ſervants were ſure to be caſt on a trial, which was heard before

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him: not that he thought the judge was poſſible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too ſcrupulous: and that the cauſes of the crown were always ſuſpicious, when the privileges of ſubjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raiſe their own. There is praiſe enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themſelves with the ſpoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe Horace above Juvenal and Perſius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debaſe Horace, that they may ſet up Juvenal: and Caſaubon, who is almoſt ſingle, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Perſius, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakeſt cauſe, which is that of Perſius; and labouring, as Tacitus profeſſes of his own writings, to diveſt myſelf of partiality, or prejudice, conſider Perſius, not as a poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet in ſome things to be preferred to both of them.

Firſt, then, for the verſe, neither Caſaubon himſelf nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Caſaubon gives this point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the meaſures, or the words of Perſius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well choſen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted, than in the time of Juvenal, and conſequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; ſo his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of Caſaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his illuſtrations of him;) yet he is ſtill obſcure: whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under Nero, com-

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pelled him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge: ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reaſon to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which human nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely: he rather inſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome place he is broad and fulſom, as the latter verſes of the fourth ſatyr, and of the ſixth, ſufficiently witneſſed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crime often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſome kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion, he is manifeſtly below Horace; becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties from him: and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his tranſlations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana.*

To theſe defects, which I caſually obſerved, while I was tranſlating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and a trifler; full of oſtentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

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After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can alledge in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius shewed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσᾶ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides; so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly.

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Caſaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be ſure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Perſius, ſays he, be in himſelf obſcure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no queſtion but he deſerves that praiſe, which he has given to himſelf: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius ſays, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Beſides many examples which I could urge, the very laſt verſe of his laſt ſatyr, upon which he particularly values himſelf in his preface, is not yet ſufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to juſtify his conſtruction; but Stelluti is againſt it: and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chaſtity of his thoughts, Caſaubon denies not but that one particular paſſage, in the fourth ſatyr, *At ſi unctus ceſſes*, &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his works: I underſtood it; but for that reaſon turned it over. In defence of his boiſterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as inſtruments of the ſublime; fit to move and ſtir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the underſtanding; and may be reckoned amongſt theſe things of Demoſthenes which Æſchines called θαύματα, not ῥήματα, that is Prodigies, not Words. It muſt be granted to Caſaubon, that the knowledge of many things is loſt in our modern ages which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that ſatyr is a poem of a difficult nature in itſelf, and is not written to vulgar readers. And through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of perſons makes the ſenſe perplexed; when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks: whether Perſius himſelf, or his friend and monitor; or, in ſome places, a third perſon. But Caſaubon comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if Perſius had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himſelf ſo hard a taſk, he then conſidered the Greek proverb, that he muſt χελώνης φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν· either eat the whole ſnail, or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through with his laborious taſk, as I have done with my difficult tranſlation.

Thus far, my lord, you ſee it has gone very hard with Perſius: I think he cannot be allowed to ſtand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expreſſions, are in my tranſlation: but more of this in its proper place, where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular, of

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our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to chuse his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satyr. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satyrist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satyr is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the stoick: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethiques, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds, with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satyrs, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoick philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and

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ſome perhaps impieties, if we conſider them by the ſtandard of chriſtian faith: Perſius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from thoſe imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice ſpeculations of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Paſſion, intereſt, ambition, and all their bloody conſequences of diſcord, and of war, are baniſhed from this doctrine. Here is nothing propoſed but the quiet and tranquility of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffuſed in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the preſent biſhop of Saliſbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth ſatyr of Juvenal, in his Paſtoral Letter, to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the divines in his dioceſs, as the beſt common-places for their ſermons, as the ſtore-houſes and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous life, which the Stoicks have aſſigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Perſius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He ſticks to his own philoſophy: he ſhifts not ſides, like Horace, who is ſometimes an Epicurean, ſometimes a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectrick, as his preſent humour leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal againſt vices, more like an orator, than a philoſopher. Perſius is every where the ſame; true to the dogmas of his maſter. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a ſpirit of ſincerity in all he ſays: you may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honeſt and ſerious as Perſius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Caſaubon, and enlarged upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfied that he ſays no more than truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays that Horace, being the ſon of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the meanneſs of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the ſubjects of his ſatyrs; that he does *plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that elevation, which becomes a ſatyriſt: that Perſius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better maſter; Cornutus being

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the moſt learned of his time, a man of the moſt holy life, the chief of the ſtoick ſect at Rome; and not only a great philoſopher, but a poet himſelf; and in probability a coadjutor of Perſius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much converſant in philoſophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a ſlave: but Horace, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt character of a father, which I ever read in hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty friend of mine now living had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt ſchool, and with the beſt company of young noblemen. And Horace by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain teſtimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himſelf abroad, by the converſation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was ſo pleaſed with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old ſoldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mecænas, and his introduction into the court of Auguſtus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his converſation, and render him accompliſhed and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was firſt miniſter. So that, upon the whole matter, Perſius may be acknowledged to be equal with him, in thoſe reſpects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the ſide of Horace; as much as the court of Auguſtus Cæſar was ſuperior to that of Nero. As for the ſubjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar ſubjects, nor always choſe them. His ſtile is conſtantly accommodated to his ſubject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowneſs, that of Perſius is the fault of the hardneſs of his metaphors, and obſcurity: and ſo they are equal in the failings of their ſtile; where Juvenal manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The compariſon betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; becauſe their forces were more equal: a diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſhall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was

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the better poet, the victory is already gained on the ſide of Horace. Virgil himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who ſays that Pindar is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt theſe two great maſters, is for the prize of ſatyr: In which controverſy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe Horace has written many of them ſatyrically, againſt his private enemies: yet theſe, if juſtly conſidered, are ſomewhat of the nature of the Greek ſilli, which were invectives againſt particular ſects and perſons. But Horace has purged himſelf of this choler, before he entered on thoſe diſcourſes, which are more properly called the Roman ſatyr: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Caſſius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former ſort of ſatyr, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous ſort of weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtify us: the firſt is revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been any ways notoriouſly abuſed, and can make ourſelves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in chriſtian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty God. And this conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that fault, even when I have been notoriouſly provoked. Let not this, my lord, paſs for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any man now living: and I had reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own innocence: I ſpeak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them uſe it as they pleaſe; poſterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for intereſt and paſſion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my morals, which have been ſufficiently aſperſed; that any ſort of reputation ought to be dear to every honeſt man, and is to me. But let the world witneſs for me, that I have been often wanting to myſelf

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in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwered any ſcurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have expoſed my enemies: and being naturally vindicative, have ſuffered in ſilence, and poſſeſſed my ſoul in quiet.

Any thing, though never ſo little, which a man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this ſubject, and proceed to give the ſecond reaſon, which may juſtify a poet, when he writes againſt a particular perſon: and that is, when he is become a public nuiſance. And thoſe, whom Horace in his ſatyrs, and Perſius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly ſuch. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſhed, in the perſons of others. The firſt reaſon was only an excuſe for revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impoſſible ſometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common juſtice, from the choice of ſuch perſons as are the proper ſubject of ſatyr! And how little wit they bring, for the ſupport of their injuſtice! The weaker ſex is their moſt ordinary theme; and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is inſolently ſtabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is conſidered, no fulſomeneſs omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulneſs can ſupply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenneſs of good ſenſe and entertainment. The neglect of the readers, will ſoon put an end to this ſort of ſcribbling. There can be no pleaſantry where there is no wit: no impreſſion can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural ſeaſon: the corn which held up its head, is ſpoiled with rankneſs; but the greater part of the harveſt is laid along, and little of good income and wholeſome nouriſhment is received into the barns. This is almoſt a digreſſion, I confeſs to your lordſhip; but a juſt indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbiſh, I will return to the compariſon of Juvenal and Horace.

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I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his inſtructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I ſet not up for a ſtandard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleaſed with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my inſtruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleaſure. This, as I ſaid, is my particular taſte of theſe two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can ſcarce give better reaſons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiaſſed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to ſuch impartial men I muſt appeal: for they who have already formed their judgment, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will ſet up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reaſon that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is ſomewhat the better inſtructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his inſtructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counſels which they give are equally good for moral uſe; Horace, who gives the moſt various advice, and moſt applicable to all occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our lives; as including in his diſcourſes not only all the rules of morality, but alſo of civil converſation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferred to him, who is more circumſcribed in his inſtructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occaſions, than the other. I may be pardoned for uſing an old ſaying, ſince it is true, and to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his firſt ſatyr, is in all the reſt confined, to the expoſing of ſome particular vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His ſentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive: but they are ſprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his ſentences: to give you the virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full extent: which is the oſtentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. *Ne ſententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:* he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear emboſſed upon

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it, and ſtriking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriouſly wicked men, in compariſon with a ſhoal of fools and fops; ſo it is a harder thing to make a man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the underſtanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind ſides and follies, even in the profeſſors of moral philoſophy; and there is not any one ſect of them that Horace has not expoſed. Which, as it was not the deſign of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in laſhing vices, ſome of them the moſt enormous that can be imagined; ſo perhaps, it was not ſo much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation which Perſius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means thoſe little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But in the word *omne*, which is *univerſal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the common people; diſcovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatyr, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court, as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly, as a common nuiſance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen: and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims: but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the ſeverity of precepts.

This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be com-

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commended, but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation; he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can juſtly be found in him, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble; his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader: and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the ſpirits. The low ſtile of Horace is according to his ſubject, that is generally gravely: I queſtion not but he could have raiſed it: for the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which he writes to Auguſtus, (a moſt inſtructive ſatyr concerning poetry,) is of ſo much dignity in the words, and of ſo much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly ſhews, the *ſermo pedeſtris*, in his other ſatyrs, was rather his choice than his neceſſity. He was a rival to Lucilius his predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we ſee by his remaining fragments, minded neither his ſtyle nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verſe: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of ſatyr, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his ſatyr, and the cleanneſs of expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his deſires only to the conqueſt of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conqueſt over himſelf, by Juvenal his ſucceſſor. He could not give

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an equal pleaſure to his reader, becauſe he uſed not equal inſtruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But verſifications and numbers are the greateſt pleaſures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practiſed both ſo happily, that for ought I know, his greateſt excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, is faultleſs; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that Virgil could have written ſharper ſatyrs, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verſe and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to juſtify my opinion; and with comma's after every word, to ſhew, that he has given almoſt as many laſhes, as he has written ſyllables; it is againſt a bad poet, whoſe ill verſes he deſcribes: *Non tu, in triviis indocte, ſolebas, ſtridenti, miſerum, ſtipula, diſperdere, carmen?* But to return to my purpoſe, when there is any thing deficient in numbers, and ſound, the reader is uneaſy, and unſatisfied; he wants ſomething of his complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifeſt defect of Horace, it is no wonder, that finding it ſupplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the ſauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nouriſhing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquiſite; ſo that granting Horace to be the more general philoſopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in ſatyr. His thoughts are ſharper, his indignation againſt vice is more vehement; his ſpirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour: and conſequently a noble ſoul is better pleaſed with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-ſlave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, Horace had the diſadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worſe for the ſatyriſt. It is generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous vices which were practiſed under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Auguſtus Cæſar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe opinions of philoſophers, when the Roman liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if

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he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satyr, and Juvenal of our private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not chuse to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satyrists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satyrs, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer; That he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: property was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself, of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satyrs, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos*.

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In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the "colour of that law took cognisance of lampoons; being pro-"voked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had "defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his "writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Lex læsæ Majestatis*; commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death, with the *fasces*, which were born before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, *under colour of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, & primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat:* they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As

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for Caſſius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the ſame poet againſt whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Caſſium Severum maledicum poetam*; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one ſtone, and revenge both himſelf and his emperor together.

From hence I may reaſonably conclude, that Auguſtus, who was not altogether ſo good as he was wiſe, had ſome by-reſpect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the intereſt of his maſter; and avoiding the laſhing of greater crimes, confined himſelf to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only ſome reſerved caſes, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permiſſion of the magiſtrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I ſay not that he ſhould; for *prior læſit*, is a good excuſe in the civil law, if chriſtianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at leaſt if the ſtories which we hear of him are true, that he practiſed ſome, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuſe adulterers, eſpecially when Auguſtus was of that number: ſo that though his age was not exempted from the worſt of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reaſon of the edict. And our poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in the ſame actions. Upon this account, without farther inſiſting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the ſubjects which Horace choſe for ſatyr, are of a lower nature than thoſe of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the compariſon betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Perſius; ſomewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be conſidered. Perſius was grave, and particularly oppoſed his gravity to lewdneſs, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he publiſhed his ſatyrs, which was before that emperor fell into the exceſs of cruelty. Horace was a mild admoniſher, a court-ſatyriſt, fit for the gentle times of Auguſtus, and more fit, for the reaſons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deſerved a more ſevere chaſtiſement; vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority.

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Therefore, whereſoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own perſon, but ſcourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praiſe of Horace, that according to the ancient art and law of ſatyr, it ſhould be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming againſt vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Perſius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied Horace. And the thing itſelf is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewiſe read Lucilius, of whom Perſius ſays, *fecuit Urbem*; *& genuinum fregit in iltis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal alſo mentions him in theſe words: *Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpoſe than that of Horace. They changed ſatyr, ſays Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the buſineſs being to reform great vices, chaſtiſement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grinn, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whoſe interpretation and illuſtrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verſe of his tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully, but he muſt alſo imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to tranſlate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this ſentence, where Holiday ſays, "a perpetual grinn, "like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low ſatire ſo eaſily: let the chaſtiſement of Juvenal be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of ſatyr; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of ſatyr conſiſt in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineneſs: it muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without uſing any of thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of

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the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of raillery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded, and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of his ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrouſly. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind-ſides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you ſee I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordſhip, in this kind of ſatyr, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reaſonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned ſo great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on ſuch a palpable miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and reſtore to Horace that commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of Horace was the beſt for amending manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an *enſe reſcindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleaſant cure, with all the limbs preſerved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without

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keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promiſe only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the propoſition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was preſcribed him by his own genius; which was ſharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the beſt; but Horace has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The manner of Juvenal is confeſſed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpoſe. Horace, for ought I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongſt the moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the quickneſs of their own underſtandings, that they can ſee a jeſt farther off than other men: they may find occaſion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their ſides for fear of burſting, when Rupilius and Perſius are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciouſly given: but for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid raillery. I ſee not why Perſius ſhould call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adverſary; and that becauſe he had killed Julius Cæſar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he ſhould be deſired to murder Rupilius, only becauſe his name was Mr. King. A miſerable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honeſt Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be punns were then in faſhion, as they were wit in the ſermons of the laſt age, and in the court of king Charles II. I am ſorry to ſay it, for the ſake of Horace; but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed ſo heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myſelf, and doubt not but I have tired your lordſhip's patience, with this long, rambling, and I

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fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satyrist: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuse a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satyr, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And to shew that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satyrs made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the *Sileni*, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the *Symposium*. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-side: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself

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to us, in his ſatyrs, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our attention. It ſeems that he is rather an amuſement for children, than for the ſerious conſideration of men: but when we take away his cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight, when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full aſſembly: that is to ſay, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their vices.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Dacier, in this noble ſimilitude, has confined the praiſe of his author wholly to the inſtructive part: the commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two books of ſatyr, it is the buſineſs of Horace to inſtruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our paſſions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt truth and falſhood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themſelves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to underſtand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe notions which they have received from their maſters; and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourſelves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are obliged to live, and to converſe. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of ſome perplexed ſentence, or obſcure parentheſis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus ſays, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhew the uſe, the reaſon, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a model, are juſt like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with theſe encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will uſe the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas propoſes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three firſt who ſhould reach the goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput*

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rectentur olivâ: Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satyr. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto.* Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. *Alter amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis threicius, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti subnectit fibula gemma.* Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satyr; and the golden belt, and the diamond button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satyr, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satyr, and derived it from Ennius, to your lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

> —— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,*
> *Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.*

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year *ab Urbe conditâ* CCCCCXIV. I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satyrical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satyrical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satyr. According to that description, which Juvenal

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gives of it in his firſt; *quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the firſt, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the firſt rude and barbarous Roman ſatyr: which ſort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but neceſſary, that after ſo much has been ſaid of ſatyr, ſome definition of it ſhould be given. Heinſius, in his diſſertations on Horace, makes it for me, in theſe words; "Satyr is a "kind of poetry, without a ſeries of action, invented for the "purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, "and errors, and all things beſides, which are produced from "them, in every man, are ſeverely reprehended; partly dra-"matically, partly ſimply, and ſometimes in both kinds of "ſpeaking; but for the moſt part figuratively, and occultly; "conſiſting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pun-"gent manner of ſpeech; but partly, alſo, in a facetious and "civil way of jeſting; by which either hatred, or laughter, or "indignation is moved."—Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplexed definition, or rather deſcription of ſatyr, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Perſius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clauſe in the beginning of it ("without a "ſeries of action") diſtinguiſhes ſatyr properly from ſtage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued ſeries of action. The end or ſcope of ſatyr is to purge the paſſions; ſo far it is common to the ſatyrs of Juvenal and Perſius: the reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clauſe "conſiſting in a low "familiar way of ſpeech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant: but how come lowneſs of ſtyle, and the familiarity of words to be ſo much the propriety of ſatyr, that without them, a poet can be no more a ſatyriſt, than without riſibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and ſtanding rule of this poem? Is the *grande ſophos* of Perſius, and the ſublimity of Juvenal to be circumſcribed, with the meanneſs of words and vulgarity of expreſſion? If Horace refuſed the pains of numbers, and the loftineſs of figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot

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with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuse to mount, and shew their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satyrs, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestique way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donn's satyrs, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donn, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satyr should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satyr, that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design: and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and

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carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Maſcardi, in his diſcourſe of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an inſtance of it, in the famous paſtoral of Guarini, called *Il Paſtor Fido*; where Coriſca and the ſatyr are the under-parts: yet we may obſerve, that Coriſca is brought into the body of the plot, and made ſubſervient to it. It is certain, that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the action, and muſt drive on the accompliſhment of one deſign; for he gives this very precept, *Sit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he ſeems not much to mind it in his ſatyrs, many of them conſiſting of more arguments than one; and the ſecond without dependance on the firſt. Caſaubon has obſerved this before me, in his preference of Perſius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the firſt, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himſelf to one ſubject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very word *ſatura* ſignifies a diſh plentifully ſtored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſignification with *ſatura*, has choſen to follow the ſame method of Perſius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whoſe example alone is a ſufficient authority, has wholly confined himſelf, in all his ſatyrs, to this unity of deſign. That variety which is not to be found in any one ſatyr, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral occaſions. And if variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one ſubject, as it is diverſly treated, in the ſeveral ſubordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of examples in the ſubdiviſions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which all together may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a ſatyr.

Under this unity of theme, or ſubject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the deſign of true ſatyr. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader ſome one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus Juvenal in every ſatyr, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal inſtructive point, or to the ſhunning of moral evil.

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Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an arraignment of the whole ſex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by ſhewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, though the wittieſt of all his ſatyrs, has yet the leaſt of truth or inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten that he was now ſetting up for a moral poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite vices to it. His kind of philoſophy is one, which is the ſtoique; and every ſatyr is a comment on one particular dogma of that ſect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praiſed and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or elſe there is a fundamental error in the whole deſign.

I have already declared who are the only perſons that are the adequate object of private ſatyr, and who they are that may properly be expoſed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of ſatyr, I have ſaid enough in the compariſon betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that ſharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordſhip is the beſt maſter in this age. I will proceed to the verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that ſubject. The ſort of verſe which is called burleſque, conſiſting of eight ſyllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has choſen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I ſpake of Donn; but by a ſlip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my cenſure: his ſatyr is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with proſe. The choice of his numbers is ſuitable enough to his deſign, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the ſhortneſs of his verſe, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debaſed the dignity of ſtyle. And beſides, the double rhyme, (a neceſſary companion of burleſque writing) is not ſo proper for manly ſatyr, for it turns earneſt too much to jeſt, and gives us a boyiſh kind of pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the beſt ſort of readers; we are pleaſed ungratefully, and if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more ſolid. He

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might have left that task to others, who not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excreſcence of a word of two or three ſyllables in the cloſe. It is, indeed, below ſo great a maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little inſtrument. But his good ſenſe is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We paſs through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into ſome admirable uſeful thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of verſe; and has written the beſt in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we ſay of a court-favourite, that whatſoever his office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The quickneſs of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verſe of ten ſyllables, which we call the Engliſh heroique, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this ſort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it ſtraitens the expreſſion; we are thinking of the cloſe, when we ſhould be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a ſpace too narrow for his imagination; he loſes many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burleſque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more eaſily purchaſed in ten ſyllables than in eight: in both occaſions it is as in a tennis-court, when the ſtroaks of greater force are given, when we ſtrike out and play at length. Taſſone and Boileau have left us the beſt examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will ſpeak only of the two former, becauſe the laſt is written in Latin verſe. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a ſatyr of the Varronian kind. It is written in the ſtanza of eight, which is their meaſure for heroique verſe. The words are ſtately, the numbers ſmooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The firſt ſix lines of the ſtanza ſeem majeſtical and ſevere; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has model'd from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burleſque poetry of Scarron, with ſome kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian ſo well, that his own may paſs for an original. He writes it in the French heroique verſe, and calls it an heroique poem: his ſub-

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ject is trivial, but his verſe is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and ſome parodies; as particularly this paſſage in the fourth of the Æneids,

Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres.

Which he thus tranſlates, keeping to the words, but altering the ſenſe:

Non, ton Pere, à Paris, ne fut point Boulanger;
Et tu n'es point du ſang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitreſſe d'un Coche;
Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec ſon laict, ſuccer ſa Cruauté.

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgique of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the lowneſs of his ſubject, by the loftineſs of his words; and enobles it by compariſons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
Magnanimoſque Duces, totiuſque ordine gentis
Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sic Genus immortale manet; multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna domûs, & avi numerantur avorum.

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatyr. Here is the majeſty of the heroique, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raiſing the delight which otherwiſe would be flat and vulgar, by the ſublimity of the expreſſion. I could ſay ſomewhat more of the delicacy of this and ſome other of his ſatyrs; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordſhip but this bare hint, in what manner this ſort of ſatyr may beſt be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in heroique poetry itſelf; of which the ſatyr is undoubtedly a ſpecies. With theſe beautiful turns

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I confeſs myſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a converſation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzy: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verſes the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which, he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two fathers of our Engliſh poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſidered thoſe beauties which give the laſt perfection to their works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my plays; but they were caſual, and not deſigned. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other Engliſh authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, inſtead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an oppoſite nature to thoſe puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I conſulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to expreſs Homer, whoſe age had not arrived to that fineneſs, I found in him a true ſublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloathed with admirable Greciſms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spencer, and which, with all their ruſticity, had ſomewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At laſt I had recourſe to his maſter, Spencer, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. Spencer had ſtudied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongſt the reſt of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Taſſo had done the ſame; nay more, that all the ſonnets in that language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. Walſh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has obſerved. In ſhort, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt beauties. *Delicate & bien tourné*, are the higheſt commendations, which they beſtow, on ſomewhat which they think a maſter-piece.

An example of the turn on words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that in the laſt book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes:

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Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi!
Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore corpus;
Alteriuſque animantem animantis vivere lèto!

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when ſhe was left by Theſeus:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit apiſci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heroidum, of Sappho to Phaon:

Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.

Laſtly, a turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgique of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on expreſs condition not to look on her, till ſhe was come on earth:

Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

I will not burden your lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a maſter, who underſtands them better than myſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the mechanic beauties of heroic verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh proſodia, not ſo much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; ſo that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous

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lines, in this vaſt preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next city, becauſe it is but a little one.

I would excuſe the performance of this tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of ſome gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and thoſe of my ſons. I have peruſed ſome of the ſatyrs, which are done by other hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal tranſlation, but a kind of paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a paraphraſe and imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendering the exact ſenſe of thoſe authors, almoſt line for line, had been our buſineſs, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illuſtrations, not only Juvenal and Perſius, but what yet is more obſcure, his own verſes, might be underſtood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to ſcholars: we write only for the pleaſure and entertainment of thoſe gentlemen and ladies, who though they are not ſcholars, are not ignorant: perſons of underſtanding and good ſenſe; who not having been converſant in the original, or at leaſt not having made Latin verſe ſo much their buſineſs, as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be anſwerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the ſatisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our author, as our predeceſſors Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourſelves this praiſe, that we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater diſtance, though not ſtep by ſtep, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Perſius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be purſued too cloſe by a tranſlator. We loſe his ſpirit, when we think to take his body. The groſſer part remains with us, but the ſoul is flown away, in ſome noble expreſſion, or ſome delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, ſeized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always ſcaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleaſure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing the only end, which is inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the

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means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetique part.

The English verse, which we call heroique, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together; the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are

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ſufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at leaſt appear in a poetique dreſs. We have actually made him more ſounding, and more elegant, than he was before in Engliſh: and have endeavoured to make him ſpeak that kind of Engliſh, which he would have ſpoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If ſometimes any of us (and it is but ſeldom) make him expreſs the cuſtoms and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is either when there was ſome kind of analogy, betwixt their cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to vulgar underſtandings, we give him thoſe manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuſe it. For to ſpeak ſincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we ſhould either make them Engliſh, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excuſed, let it be pardoned, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledged; and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome pleaſure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious viſit, the beſt manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt ceremony. I will ſlip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwiſe employed: with great confuſion, for having entertained you ſo long with this diſcourſe; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wiſhes of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble,

and Moſt Obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

John Dryden.

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THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with all writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to satyr, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satyr is the natural

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ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which he would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or

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at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Oreſtes' bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grott,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men-boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.

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But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the ſatire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fan'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such fulſom objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, born abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-faſhion'd chair,

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And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard giv'n,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trode upon a ſnake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!

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When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villanies rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or lab'ring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold?
For tho the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch love.

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Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his eaſe,
Mecenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Born by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corps are frequent on the bier.
Wouldſt thou to honors and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deſerves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate
emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?

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If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Sh----ll write.
Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.
What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?

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Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and ev'ry face obſerv'd with care,
That no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.
Known, you receive: the cryer calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your great lordſhips, will maintain my right.
Tho' born a ſlave, tho my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
The rent of five fair houſes I receive;
What greater honors can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduced to keep,
In melancholly walks, a grazier's ſheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treaſure;
Then let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No temples rais'd to money's majeſty,

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No altars fuming to her pow'r divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
And faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high
Seems to ſalute her infant progeny:
Preſaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
But ſince our knights and ſenators account,
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
Whoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
Their houſhold fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by thoſe harpies; when a wood
Of litters thick beſiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their ſedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
'Tis Galla: let her ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The ſalutations of the morning tide
Call up the ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers baul;

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Then to the ſtatues; where amidſt the race
Of conqu'ring Rome, ſome Arab ſhews his face,
Inſcrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, ſhuts his door;
Old clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Tho much againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for ſupper, and provide a fire.
Mean time his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both ſea and land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
And his own gut the ſole invited gueſt.
Such plate, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
That whole eſtates are ſwallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n paraſites are baniſh'd from his board:
(At once a ſordid and luxurious lord:)
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt;
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt.)
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is born.

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No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then ſatire ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds
can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſcandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impail'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on fire, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of pois'nous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!

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Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epique verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on ev'ry part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be advis'd; 'tis paſt conſid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous liſts of rhime:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

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THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this

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ſatire is particularly ſhown, in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRiev'd tho I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where, far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives.
The road to Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the Gods with all their bounty bleſs.
Tho I in Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces.
What ſcene ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As tow'ring houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clatt'ring tiles; and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modell'd once the Roman ſtate,

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In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd:
Tho now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our av'rice is, that ev'ry tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free:
Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where chryſtal ſtreams thro living turff had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from th' ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.

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Where Dedalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he;
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree.
Knaves who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common-ſhoar;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows (ſee what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes thro each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.

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From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs 'em topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what bus'neſs have I there,
I who can neither lie nor falſly ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the intrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:
For want of theſe town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Lab'ring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.

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He who can Verres when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecreſy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
All find receipt in hoſpitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.

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Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown
Is turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd, and horrid locks, behold
Stilling ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners in ev'ry dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Mean time they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweat and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flatt'ring ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.

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In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t'other day
A ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey;
Where ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulſom flatteries;
A moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their inſipid friend;
His blobber-lip, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck, and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear trebble goes;
Tho harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as groſly praiſe; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Beſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
They mimic better on the ſtage than we:
The wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs they play,
In ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman ſhown,
And fancy ſomething underneath the gown.

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But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank letchery.
Thro the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.

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If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the gown?
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:
Engroſs 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:

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In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake;
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And like the whore, demure upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling Goddeſs from the fire!
The queſtion is not put how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick to the bus'neſs; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres feed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep,
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.

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Swear by our Gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And e'en the Gods, that other means deny,
In conſcience muſt abſolve 'em, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jeſt:
The greaſy gown, ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The man's in mourning:
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of ev'ry wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The maſter of the ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for ſhame retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?

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Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging chair?
The poor were wiſe, who by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain, alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.

In

In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country bumkin the ſame liv'ry wears.
But here, attir'd beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow:
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our off'rings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,

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To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pidgeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxurioufly were fed.

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'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked thro the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:
One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:
Suſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:

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Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year.
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy chryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs fry.
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
And hence the ſources of diſeaſes come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow paſſages of winding ſtreets;
The waggoners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
Would wake ev'n drouſy Druſius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our heads, and make their way;

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In lofty litters born, and read and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the public place:
The preaſe before him ſtops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the ſhole:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And ſome rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kitchins wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head muſt bear,
Which ſcarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the load;
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn.
Unweildly timber-trees in waggons born,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.

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For, ſhould their axel break, its overthrow
Would cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor ſires their ſons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcaſs would remain:
But a maſh'd heap, a hotchpotch of the ſlain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the ſoul alone,
But bodies, like the ſoul, inviſibly are flown.
Mean time, unknowing of their fellows fate,
The ſervants waſh the platter, ſcour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing-ſheets diſplay;
And oil them firſt; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this buſy care they take,
Poor ghoſt, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His paſſage begs with unregarded pray'r:
And wants two farthings to diſcharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, firſt, behold our houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken potſherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty ſtone.

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'Tis want of ſenſe to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy eſtate.
As many fates attend thy ſteps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the ſtreet.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.
The ſcouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no reſt that night.
Paſſing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than ſtern Achilles, when his friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridic'lous, but ſo true withal,
A bully cannot ſleep without a braul:
Yet tho his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and ſix,
And on the laquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk ſecure on foot.
But me, who muſt by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is drunk beſide.

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Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And ſhred the leeks that in your ſtomach riſe?
Whoſe windy beans have ſtuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goats tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your anſwer, quick,
Before my foot ſalutes you with a kick,
Say, in what naſty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueſhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,

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Thoſe venal ſouls, who harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and proſecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſkulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country air,

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Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

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THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. 'Tis indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us be-

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ware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence, ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Tho there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refuſed ſo ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me ſatisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies

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were, the Engliſh are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the moſt infamous of any on record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity thoſe monſters it produced: and believe with reaſon, that the ſpecies of thoſe women is extinguiſhed; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the argument of a ſatire, which is no way relating to them: and firſt obſerve, that my author makes their luſt the moſt heroic of their vices: the reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He ſkims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: 'tis one branch of it in Hippia, another in Meſſalina; but luſt is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the firſt line, and takes it up with intermiſſions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of ſecret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuſe them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the perſons to whom they are moſt addicted;

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and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt favours: as ſtage-players, fidlers, ſinging-boys, and fencers. Thoſe who paſs for chaſte amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only for their vaſt dowries, are rather ſuffered, than loved by their own huſbands. That they are imperious, domineering, ſcolding wives: ſet up for learning and criticiſm in poetry; but are falſe judges. Love to ſpeak Greek (which was then the faſhionable tongue, as French is now with us) That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are goſſips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are ſluttiſh with their huſbands in private; and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jew, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſions of all theſe vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the ge-

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neral ſtanding rule; and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their Gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beaſts were ſpread
By mountain-houſewives for their homely bed,
And moſſy pillows rais'd, for the rude huſband's head.
Unlike the niceneſs of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names:)
The Cynthia's and the Leſbia's of our years,
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their ſavage lords who rang'd the wood,
And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buckſom, freſh and young,
Her ſons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;
And whether born in kindly beds of Earth,
Or ſtruggling from the teeming oaks to birth,

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Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or if a fire the ſun.
Some thin remains of chaſtity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the ſervile Greeks had learnt to ſwear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneaſy Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the ſiſters to the ſtars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the ſin.
Adult'rers next invade the nuptial ſtate,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and ſilver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for marriage doſt provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They ſay thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober man like thee to change his life!
What fury would poſſeſs thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratſbane, no kind halter left?

(For

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(For every nooſe compar'd to her's is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'ſt thou become her drudge, who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy ſpirits were drain'd out before.
But ſtill Urſidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a ſon to ſettle his eſtate,
And takes no gifts, tho every gaping heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a leacher, ſuch a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his neck into the marriage-nooſe?
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous cuckold's ſight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to eaſe his frantic pain,
Run for the ſurgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,

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And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feaſt, reſtrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curſe the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
Their kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed.
Think'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, ſooner with one eye would be content.

And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall village, tho fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'Twas deſart, all, about her father's ground:
And yet ſome luſtful God might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
And much good love without a feather bed.
Whither would'ſt thou to chuſe a wife reſort,
The park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
Which way ſoever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chaſtity in all.

One ſees a dancing-maſter cap'ring high,
And raves, and piſſes, with pure ecſtaſy:

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Another does, with all his motions move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love:
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the ſong, but on the ſinger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in paſſion, both at eyes and ears.

The reſt (when now the long vacation's come,
The noiſy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their mem'ries to refreſh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
And ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for luſt are ſought:
(Tho but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, tho for counſel us'd,
In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young ſword-man to thy lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the ſword:

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To wond'ring Pharos with her love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one monſter more than Africk bred:
Forgetting houſe and huſband, left behind
Ev'n children too; ſhe ſails before the wind;
Falſe to 'em all, but conſtant to her kind.
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-houſe and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damaſk bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattreſs is content to ſleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, ſhe did her fame expoſe:
But that, great ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her luſt was ſtronger than her fear.
But had ſome honeſt cauſe her paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt hardſhip had diſturb'd her breaſt:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.

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Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty could th'adult'rer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with grieſly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred bows of monarchs bear.
The good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide up roſe th' imperial whore.
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight.

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Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And ev'ry ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Cæſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.

Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;

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And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.

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Mean time ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk, and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;
Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agat vaſes, and old China ware:
Then Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her inceſtuous loves:
And infamouſly dear: a brother's bribe,
Ev'n God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the ſacred ſhrine,
And think it only ſin to feed on ſwine.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms;
Grant her, beſides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began;

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Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight!
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curt'ſey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But ſullen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:

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Some faults, tho ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to liſp the Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their faſhion, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they uſe that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threeſcore years and three,
Is ſhewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft murmurs of the private ſheets
Are bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
Thoſe words have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
If then thy lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
What reaſon ſhould thy mind to marriage move?

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Why all the charges of the nuptial feaſt,
Wine and deſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their firſt and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxorioufly inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For tho, perhaps, ſhe loves with equal fires,
To abſolute dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the ſpoils, and triumphs o'er thy purſe;
The better huſband makes the wife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a legacy,
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy teſtament's her will; where ſhe prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that ſlave to death: Your reaſon, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'ſt thou that ſlave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.

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I have the ſovereign pow'r to ſave or kill;
And give no other reaſon but my will.
Thus the ſhe-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another ſubject-huſband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
While the laſt wedding-feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So ſtill the reck'ning riſes; and appears
In total ſum, eight huſbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to flea
Her huſband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the husband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Can'ſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?

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Her int'reſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of ev'ry exerciſe the manniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the creſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under ſarcenet ſweat.

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Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore,
She ſtands in guard with her right foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at ev'ry thruſt:
But laugh to ſee her tir'd with many a bout,
Call for the pot, and like a man piſs out.
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For women's tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear:
But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each tiller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face;
And yet ev'n then ſhe cries the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;

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And there's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Tho men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooft houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em ſtraight;
When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate:
But wanton now and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot; whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian God, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:

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Since gold obſcene, and ſilver found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the Goddeſs nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:

Laufella

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Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic letchery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vig'rous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, would make old Neſtor young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral ſound,
An univerſal groan of luſt goes round;
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From thoſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what ſinger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;

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No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Tho now, at ev'ry altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, nurſt
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But women have no ſhame of poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore
The more exhauſted, would encreaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide againſt th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
There are who in ſoft eunuchs place their bliſs;
To ſhun the ſcrubbing of a bearded kiſs;
And 'ſcape abortion; but their ſolid joy
Is when the page, already paſt a boy,

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Is capon'd late; and to the guelder ſhown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.
When all the navel-ſtring could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that's the barber's loſs, not theirs.
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He ſtruts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.
Kerv'd for his lady's uſe, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wiſe,
Rather than truſt him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they force
Beyond his compaſs 'till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre, with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:

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She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of pray'r ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd intrails views.
Anſwĕr, ye Pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,
Your Godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.

This is not all; for actors, they implore:
An impudence not known to heav'n before.
Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdam, and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.

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She, firſt, beholds the raging comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands deſtroys,
Still for the neweſt news ſhe lies in wait;
And takes reports juſt ent'ring at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the fame of ev'ry ſtreet.
This is a grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curſe:
For, if their barking dog diſturb her eaſe,
No pray'r can bind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the maſter, who the curr maintain'd,
Muſt feel the ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.
Mean while, her gueſts their appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
At length ſhe comes, all fluſh'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging preparation-cup;
And then to clear her ſtomach, ſpews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the ſour ſavour nauſeates ev'ry noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a lake;
Her wretched huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:

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But mutters many a curſe againſt his wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a life.
But of all plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table ſits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has ſo far th' aſcendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluſt, in his ſute;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would ſwear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and ſhould wear a beard;
And mix among the philoſophic herd.
O what a midnight curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
No logic learn, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to ſchool,

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Who climbs the grammar-tree, diſtinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priſcian's, breaks her husband's head.
The gawdy goſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
In jewels dreſt, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does, is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
She duely, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in greaſe;
Thoſe are the husband's nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat kiſſes, and is ſtuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adult'rer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the bath, in brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich Arabia ſweats her gum;
And precious oils from diſtant Indies come:
How haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to ev'ry grace,
The cruſt remov'd, her cheeks as ſmooth as ſilk,
Are poliſh'd with a waſh of aſſes milk;
And ſhould ſhe to the fartheſt North be ſent,
A train of theſe attend her baniſhment.

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But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer, are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of pray'r)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders ev'ry ſacred hair;

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If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but in the glaſs,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is baniſh'd; and another girl
More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;]
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Mean while, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receive his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.
Bellona's prieſts, an eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;

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The venerable gueldíng, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Guiltleſs of teſticles, they tear their throats,
And ſqueak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blaſt.
And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſht matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.

Thro ye they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the God has warn'd 'em in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning ſand,
Thro deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.

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How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights,
Who ſins, thro frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs attones the Deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead muſt forgive.
No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jeweſs whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-prieſt's daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.

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Such toys, a pidgeon's intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he, who ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.
No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:

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Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is born,
With often handling, like chaſt amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a miſe ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and Ptolomy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

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But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex, have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, tho poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:

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And into noble families advance
A nameleſs iſſue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
The ſotted moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own bus'neſs by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumming froſt,
Conſtrains his head; and yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæſonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.

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The Thund'rer was not half ſo much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his deſire.
What woman will not uſe the pois'ning trade,
When Cæſar's wife the precedent has made;
Let Agrippina's muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlav'ring, old, unuſeful ſot;
That only clos'd the driv'ling dotard's eyes,
And ſent his godhead downward to the ſkies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and ſword;
Nor ſpares the common, when it ſtrikes the lord.
So many miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle pois'ner coſt mankind.
If ſtepdames ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial treſpaſs; let them have their will:
But let the child, entruſted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food ſhe reaches with her hand;
The morſel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taſter, ere thou eat;
There's poiſon in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the ſatire in a rage
Struts in the buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
Forgets his bus'neſs is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.

Would

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Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the fact was caught,
Two ſons diſpatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, ſev'n, ſhe cries, if ſev'n were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lye;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Leſs admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro wrath, or thro revenge, purſue.
For, weak of reaſon, impotent of will,
The ſex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas is born.
But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lap-dog ſooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemneſtras grow in ev'ry ſtreet:

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But here's the diff'rence; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

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THE

TENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

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LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes, of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own requeſt.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:
Unwieldy ſums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhall'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Crœſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:

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The mob, commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of a ruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from ev'ry buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſu'd, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear:

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Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow:
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſute of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gugaw, (call'd a crown,) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:
A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human kind:

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Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heav'n fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate;
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.

Some aſk for envy'd pow'r; which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
Is by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen trade.

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Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face?
By heav'n, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty; and the queſtion's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:

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Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.
Our wiſe fore-fathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the pow'r and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.
There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe:
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?

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To have thy levees crouded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court:
Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupil age, and ſway
That monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he intent on ſecret luſt alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
I well believe, thou wouldſt be great as he;
For ev'ry man's a fool to that degree;
All wiſh the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the pow'r, who want the will:
But wouldſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Wouldſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
To be the may'r of ſome poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barb'rouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
In ev'ry wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,

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Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monſtrous height,
Which mould'ring, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
The ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What elſe but his immoderate luſt of pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckleſs hour?
For few uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his ſatchel muſt be born to ſchool,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
To prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
But both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in dogrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
" Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
" Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.

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I rather would be Mævius, thraſh for rhimes
Like his, the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Than that Philipique fatally divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who ſhook the theatres and ſway'd the ſtate
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
From Mars his forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:
The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-faln beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of ev'ry nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:

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Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His ſun-beat waters by ſo long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that nature caſt:

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And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage thro the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman tow'rs diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wond'rous ſort of death has heav'n deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;

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But poiſon, drawn thro a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool.
One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
" Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
" The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Tho Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground;)

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What God ſo mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again?
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.

Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.
Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſom hoſpital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of buff.
A ſtitch-faln cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.

In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame palſy, both in limbs and tongue.

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The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatt'rers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to riſe,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?
Add, that endeavouring ſtill without effect,
A luſt more ſordid juſtly we ſuſpect.
Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can chear
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.

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His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
How many bouts a-day that bitch has try'd;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride!
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:

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Like a young ſwallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her faſting mother brings.
His loſs of members is a heavy curſe,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worſe!
His ſervants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who ſupp'd with him laſt night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows 'em not: for, in their ſtead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for ſecret ſervices, is made:
So lewd and ſuch a batter'd brothel whore,
That ſhe defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his ſenſes are his own,
His lives to be chief mourner for his ſon:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
Theſe are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a houſhold ſtill in tears,
Sad pomps: a threſhold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longeſt liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;

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Bleſt, to defraud the grave ſo long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred ſeaſons, guzzling muſt of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, mercileſs in length, the midmoſt ſiſter drew.
When his brave ſon upon the fun'ral pyre
He ſaw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, aſk'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles ſlain,
And thus Ulyſſes' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his anceſtors a mighty ſhade,
While Troy yet ſtood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal baſtards, might his fun'ral grace:
Amidſt the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heav'n ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:

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In fine, the feeble ſire, reduced by fate,
To change his ſcepter for a ſword, too late,
His laſt effort before Jove's altar tries;
A ſoldier half, and half a ſacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At leaſt, he dy'd a man; his queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Crœſus' fate;
Whom Solon wiſely counſell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All theſe were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld ſo happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman ſtreets; deſcending from his ſtate,
In that bleſt hour he ſhould have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant ſoul with ſhouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour ſent:

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But public pray'rs impos'd on heav'n, to give
Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conſpir'd to ſave
The head, reſerv'd for an Egyptian ſlave.
Cethegus, tho a traytor to the ſtate,
And tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminiſh'd, dy'd.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a pray'r,
That all her ſons and daughters may be fair;
True, for the boys a mumbling vow ſhe ſends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to ſee the wond'ring people pray
To the new-riſing ſiſter of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate beſtow
On Rutila; and change her faultleſs make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a ſight too rare:
Chaſte is no epithet to ſuit with fair,

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Suppoſe the ſame traditionary ſtrain
Of rigid manners, in the houſe remain;
Inveterate truth an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his ſoul a ſober grace,
And bluſht a modeſt blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than ſaucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the youth muſt ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and preſents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where perſuaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of ſuch a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him ſing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a miſtreſs of an ugly page;
Sporus, his ſpouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Croſs-barr'd: but both his ſexes well became,
Go, boaſt your Springal, by his beauty curſt
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt;
His form procures him journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Gueſs, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beaſts offended cuckolds are.

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Adult'rers are with dangers round beſet;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'ſcape the net;
And from revengeful huſbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt laws provide:
One ſtabs; one ſlaſhes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon ſuffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your ſmooth, ſmock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrivall'd, ſhall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not ſo: one more ſalacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleaſure for her gold:
Now he muſt moil, and drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her luſts, a conſcionable quean.
She may be handſom, yet be chaſte, you ſay;
Good obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the modeſt youth his life,
Who ſhunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t'other ſtrippling forced to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hoſpitality?

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The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With ſhame they redden'd, and with ſpight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.
Now Silius wants thy counſel, gives advice;
Wed Cæſar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes ſhe darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate;
The public notaries and Aruſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid, and ev'ry rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot caſe, your judgment: to refuſe
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports thro all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:

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Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly thro a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel;
Ah that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the Gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.
Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A ſoul, that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:

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That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is virtue: what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhipp'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

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THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL,

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Ju-

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venal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, tho I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Tho raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhall dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not tho his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:

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A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a gen'ral cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayſt call thy own)
Wouldſt thou to run the gantlet theſe expoſe
To a whole company of hob-nail'd ſhoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides whom canſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuſe:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the liſt,

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To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lye,
Than, tho his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the ſacred land-mark from my bounds,
Thoſe bounds, which with poſſeſſion and with pray'r,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common cauſes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of ſtate is only ſpread,
Some of the quorum may be ſick a-bed;

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That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious ſuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know theſe cares,
No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cauſe they to an eaſier iſſue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue ſtill
Remains, beyond their boundleſs right to kill,
Their father yet alive, impow'r'd to make a will.
For, what their proweſs gain'd, the law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the ſon fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout Coranus, his old ſhaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will deſire:
Inquiſitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cheriſh valour, and reward deſert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be louſy, but be never poor.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERSIUS.

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THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIRE.

I Never did on cleft Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

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Argument of the Firſt Satire.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is againſt bad poets in this ſatire. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worſe applied. Amongſt the poets, Perſius covertly ſtrikes at Nero; ſome of whoſe verſes he recites with ſcorn and indignation. He alſo takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortunes, ſet up for wits and judges. The ſatire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous attempt of expoſing great men. But Perſius, who is of a free ſpirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may obſerve that our poet was a ſtoick philoſopher; and that all his moral ſentences, both here and in all the reſt of his ſatires, are drawn from the dogmas of that ſect.

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THE

FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scriblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.

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The conſcience is the teſt of ev'ry mind;
" Seek not thyſelf, without thyſelf, to find."
But where's that Roman?--Somewhat I would ſay,
But fear;---let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the firſt paſtimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's ſeverer page;
When ſtern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We laſh the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I ſay,---or would ſay, if I durſt--
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Perſius. I cannot rule my ſpleen;
My ſcorn rebels, and tickles me within.
Firſt, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, ſecur'd from public ſight;
Whether in proſe, or verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The proſe is fuſtian, and the numbers lame.
All noiſe, and empty pomp, a ſtorm of words,
Lab'ring with ſound, that little ſenſe affords.
They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair:
A gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear;
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.

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Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high ſcaffold, with a trumpet-cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they ſpeak.
The nauſeous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to theſe rehearſals come,
And pant with pleaſure, when ſome luſty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulſom bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy jeſt applaud with broken voice.
Baſe proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy ſtuff he grins and brays:
And gives the ſign where he expects their praiſe.
Why have I learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the quarry, and ſhoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that adage of the ſchool;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:

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That's he whoſe wond'rous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feaſts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and fluſh'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to wine the luxury of verſe.
One, clad in purple, not to loſe his time,
Eats and recites ſome lamentable rhyme:
Some ſenſeleſs Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at noſe, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciouſly the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes bleſt, ſuch praiſe to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roſes (while his loud applauſe they ſing)
Stand ready from his ſepulcher to ſpring?

All theſe, you cry, but light objections are;
Meer malice, and you drive the jeſt too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A gen'ral fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fiſh, or frankincenſe to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverſe part to bear,
Be anſwer'd thus: if I by chance ſucceed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)

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Know, I am not ſo ſtupid, or ſo hard,
Not to feel praiſe, or fame's deſerv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applauſe
Is my work's ultimate, or only cauſe.
Prudence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whoſe verſe is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty ſound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's ſpight.
Them and their woful works the Muſe defies:
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou haſt the heart
To make a ſupper, with a fine deſert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a caſt old ſute impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain ſpeech offend,)
What ſays the world of me and of my Muſe?
The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy verſe is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting belly ſwells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'ſt not, but thou piſſeſt poetry.

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All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scriblers are with flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit flow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at school
But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,

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Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The bare deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry fields that paint themſelves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining plough-ſhare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly ſtile
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:

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For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently!
Theft (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes he ſlurs his crimes:
" He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
" And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Wouldſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What's more prepoſt'rous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in miſery?
Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.
Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:

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" 'Tis tagg'd with rhime, like Berecynthian Atys,
" The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
" The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
Appennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe?
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe:
Nor fierce, but aweful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?

Perſius. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
" With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who ſlew
" The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's ſound."

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Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhimes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.

Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmleſs rhime ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhoars, and ev'ry piſſing-place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little bawbles, when they play.

Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.

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Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a fly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muſe controll'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,

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Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, tho writ in homely ſtile:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate;
Whoſe pow'r extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.

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Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the bus'neſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

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THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. *Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men com-*

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monly ſinned againſt right reaſon, and offended in their requeſts. The third part conſiſts in ſhewing the repugnances of thoſe prayers and wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſtencies with themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe vows, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: and laſtly, not only corrects the falſe opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſſes made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.

THE

SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his birth-day.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the teſt of heav'n will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear:

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While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heav'n's help, to proſper their black vows invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thund'rer's ſon, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
He's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third ſpouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
But my eternal wife!--Grant heav'n I may
Survive to ſee the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou mayſt the better bring about
Thy wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:

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In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh th' obſcenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
Wouldſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and Staius choſe?
Which of the two would thy wiſe head declare
The truſtier tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:---Unfold to Staius, ſtreight,
What to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Can'ſt thou indulge him in this villainy!
And think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience then
Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
And leaves his bus'neſs to be done by fate?
Becauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley tree,
And is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and ſacrifice?
What well-fed off'ring to appeaſe the God,
What pow'rful preſent to procure a nod,

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Haſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?
Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
Th' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And firſt of ſpittle a luſtration makes:
Then in the ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magick to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r
That heav'n would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-ſtring.
But no fond nurſe is fit to make a pray'r:
And Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
Not tho ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of braſs the crone demands
For her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
Unconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh;
Yet the fat intrails in the ſpacious diſh,

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Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the pray'r.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt th' accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone,
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd, gold and ſilver is their ſhrine,
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;

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Ev'n thoſe thou wouldſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage-bed with girls and boys.

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But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch off'rings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus giv'n, is worth a hecatomb.

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THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two ſatires concerning ſtudy; the firſt and the third: the firſt related to men; this to young ſtudents, whom he deſired to be educated in the ſtoick philoſophy: he himſelf ſuſtains the perſon of the maſter, or præceptor, in this admirable ſatire. Where he upbraids the youth of ſloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one ſcholar reproaching his fellow ſtudents with late riſing to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher: And addreſſing himſelf particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reaſon of their high birth, and the great poſſeſſions of their fathers, they are careleſs of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philoſophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miſeries which will attend them in the whole

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courſe of their life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The title of this ſatire, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, was The Reproach of Idleneſs; *tho in others of the ſcholiaſts it is inſcribed,* Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. *In both of which the intention of the poet is purſued; but principally in the former.*

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire, when I was a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday-night's Exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my Exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are ſtill in the hands of my learned maſter, the reverend doctor Buſby.]

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at ev'ry chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer ſhun,
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigeſted wine.
This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:

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My cloaths make haſte: why when! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
O wretch, and ſtill more wretched ev'ry day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gugaws cry:
Be ſullen, and refuſe the lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen; but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.

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A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning when a man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, can'ſt thy cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him couſin, in the ſtreet.
Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings, and thy own;
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His ſoul is ſtupid, and his heart aſleep;

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Fatten'd in vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his loſs.
Down goes the wretch at once, unſkill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus puniſh him: ſet virtue in his ſight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His gains outweigh'd by loſt felicity!
Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than expreſs the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed ſword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely dine.
Ev'n in his ſleep he ſtarts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

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When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to ſtay from ſchool:
Averſe from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntleſs heart:
Tho much, my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came with pride to ſee
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
And dext'rouſly to throw the lucky ſice:
To ſhun ames-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, beſides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
Thou in the ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
Haſt heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.
Where the ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
Rous'd from their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
Where the coarſe cake, and homely huſks of beans,
From pamp'ring riot the young ſtomach weans:

And

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And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is dissolv'd as is thy mind.
Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy ev'ry act may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy pursu'st the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore?*
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyself: what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:

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And all the offices of that eſtate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray juſtly, to be heard: nor more deſire
Than what the decencies of life require:
Learn what thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy friend;
What's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the ſtore
Of the greaz'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cauſe.
To whom the Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon's the very'ſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)

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Mutt'ring betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy furr upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:

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Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but ſays the friend,
This nothing, ſir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?--No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe,
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing thro his jaws a belching ſteam:
Amidſt his cups with fainting ſhiv'ring ſeiz'd,
His limbs diſjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,

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His hand refuſes to ſuſtain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his ſoul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in ſtate,
His heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And ſlaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead maſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulſom parable to me?
My body is from all diſeaſes free:
My temp'rate pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my hands and feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in ev'ry part.
I grant this true: but, ſtill, the deadly wound
Is in thy ſoul; 'tis there thou art not found.
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot doſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſide-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

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Some coarſe cold ſallad is before thee ſet;
Bread with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
Theſe are not diſhes for thy dainty tooth:
What, haſt thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy pallat ſore?
That bete and radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy paſſions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair ſo briſtles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that riſe in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with fluſhing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and ſparkling eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and doſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe:
That mad Oreſtes, if he ſaw the ſhow,
Would ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

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THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were ſufficiently ſenſible, with all good men, how unſkilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might gueſs at his future tyranny, by ſome paſſages, during the latter part of his firſt five years; tho he broke not out into his great exceſſes, while he was reſtrained by the counſels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not ſpared him in the poem of his Pharſalia; for his very compliment looked aſquint as well as Nero. Perſius has been bolder, but with caution likewiſe. For here, in the perſon of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with ſtate-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is

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probable that he makes Seneca, in this ſatire, ſuſtain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, diſcovers ſome ſecret vices of Nero, concerning his luſt, his drunkenneſs, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He alſo reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices paſs for virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here deſcribed as a veil caſt over the true meaning of the poet, which was to ſatirize his prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a tranſition. I find no inſtance in hiſtory of that emperor's being a Pathique, tho Perſius ſeems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the ſecond and third ſatires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third ſatire is taken from the firſt of thoſe dialogues.

The commentators before Caſaubon, were ignorant of our author's ſecret meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to public magiſtracy: but this excellent ſcholiaſt has unravelled the whole myſtery; and made it apparent,

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that the ſting of this ſatire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHoe'er thou art, whoſe forward years are bent
On ſtate-affairs to guide the government;
Hear, firſt, what Socrates of old has ſaid
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our ſecond hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence ſhould prevent the beard:)
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that ſenators ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar fate;
When the mad people riſe againſt the ſtate,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful ſilence with thy lifted hand.
Then to beſpeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.

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But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the ſcale:
Seeſt where the reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
And, taught by inſpiration, in a trice,
Can'ſt puniſh crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, e'er the time, to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably wiſe, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtain:
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep and purge thy brain.
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to ſun thyſelf in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old woman would have ſaid as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:

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She, that cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common ſenſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind:
But ev'ry one is eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, doſt thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whoſe lands beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
Cover the country, that a ſailing kite
Can ſcarce o'er fly 'em, in a day and night;
Him doſt thou mean, who, ſpight of all his ſtore,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To ſave a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's coſt,
But in whoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curſe and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harveſt-home, and on the ſheering-day,
When he ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.

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To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extream.
'Tis all thy bus'neſs, bus'neſs how to ſhun;
To baſk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in thy ſpacious garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder art.
When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure, which thou can'ſt not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts.

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Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:
Tho ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leach can heal,
Tho thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor can'ſt thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'ſt the croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood.
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou, thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum:

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If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtreets by night,
And doſt in murthers, rapes, and ſpoils delight;
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flatt'ring crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times:
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhimes:
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou do'ſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

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THE

FIFTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the reſt; anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Dr. Buſby; to which I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the

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distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE

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THE
FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labors of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman jav'lin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why wouldſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the muſe?
Let fuſtian poets with their ſtuff be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs

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Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtile renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, thro the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;

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Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could rowl
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wiſe boſom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtreight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer-days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe,
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.
Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the mounting twins did heav'n adorn,
Or, with the riſing balance we were born;

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Both have the ſame impreſſions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has giv'n thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for ſpices their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth, and batten with his ſleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the ſtate;
A ſecond ſhakes the box, and ſits up late;
Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
To make the ſtoick inſtitutes thy own:

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Thou long with ſtudious care haſt till'd our youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd ears with wholſome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit learn
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, ſure: for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
O freedom! firſt delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their maſters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.

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How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He ſaid it, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoick, your aſſumption's wrong:
I grant true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without controul and awe,
Excepting ſtill the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:

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'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends we owe.
He cou'd not ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſp'ring in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhou'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic wou'd againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoo'd ploughman, ſhou'd he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The Gods wou'd leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?

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Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinkers metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſs'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou canſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou can'ſt not wag thy finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

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PERSIUS.

In ſpight of this, my freedom ſtill remains,

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that free'd thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou wouldſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight aboard:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.

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Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wouldſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown george, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, wouldſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

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Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.

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Ay; there's the man, who loos'd from luſt and pelf,
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early ſuppliant who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flow'rs are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt pray'rs obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintifego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the Gods for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin:
Unleſs three garlick heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

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Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſchilling Dutch.

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THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

This ſixth ſatire treats an admirable common-place of moral philoſophy; of the true uſe of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who beſtows them, as inſtruments and helps of living commodiouſly ourſelves; and of adminiſtring to the wants of others, who are oppreſſed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, tho on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happineſs in the acquiſition and poſſeſſion of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worſe extream. The mean betwixt theſe, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be uſeful to the leading a virtuous life; in caſe we rightly underſtand how to give according to right reaſon; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this

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virtue that Perſius writes in this ſatire; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful uſe of riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the vices which are oppoſed to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the defects of giving or ſpending; or in the abuſe of riches. He writes to Cæſius Baſſus his friend, and a poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his health and ſtudies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the deſire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and being ſenſible that few men either deſire or uſe riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main deſign of the whole ſatire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

To CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy ſeat,
And ſeek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, do'ſt thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the ſtrings anſwer to thy noble hand?

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Great maſter of the muſe, inſpir'd to ſing
The beauties of the firſt created ſpring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's work, in equal verſe.
Now ſporting on thy lyre the loves of youth.
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expreſſing juſtly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majeſtic part.
For me, my warmer conſtitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native ſhoars retir'd,
I view the coaſt old Ennius once admir'd;
Where clifts on either ſides their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing proſpect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna ſays our learned bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his ſoul
The fifth within the tranſmigrating roll;
Which firſt a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And laſt of all the line did into Ennius paſs.
Secure and free from buſineſs of the ſtate;
And more ſecure of what the vulgar prate,

Here

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Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for ſheep the ſouthern winds prepare:
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To ſee a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unſeal the dregs of wine that ſtink
Of caſk; nor in a naſty flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of diff'rent inclinations are;
Tho born perhaps beneath one common ſtar.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;

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Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs hold my hand:
My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhiv'ring on the coaſt;
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs pray'r.
Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;

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What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating hinds their ſallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving day.
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wond'rous kind:

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And, ſetting her good houſewifry aſide,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt:
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, wouldſt thou hinder me from this expence?
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Controul me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does no ſo large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.

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I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What him, of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandſire, and great-grandſire too:
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors,
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet why wouldſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir, who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In nature's race, ſhouldſt thou demand of me
My torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzel'd all thy ſtore?
Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:

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The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal, in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend!
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold Gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?

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Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore;
To ev'ry thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, Chryſippus, thou who wouldſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER.

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THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HOMER's ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver, threatens the venerable

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old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his God; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her sute. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant; till

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Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and ſends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, reſound;
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the ſov'reign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when ſtrife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like ſon.
What Pow'r provok'd, and for what cauſe, relate,
Sow'd, in their breaſts, the ſeeds of ſtern debate:
Jove's and Latona's ſon his wrath expreſs'd,
In vengeance of his violated prieſt,
Againſt the king of men; who ſwoln with pride,
Refus'd his preſents, and his pray'rs deny'd.
For this the God a ſwift contagion ſpread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryſes came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:

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Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his ſceptre of command.
His ſuit was common; but above the reſt,
To both the brother-princes thus addreſs'd:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Grecian pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in heav'nly bow'rs
Succeed your ſiege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conqueſt back to your ſweet native home;
As you receive the ranſom which I bring,
(Reſpecting Jove, and the far-ſhooting king,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
And glad with her return her grieving ſire.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
The king of men alone with bury burn'd;
And haughty, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my ſight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted ſtrand,
Leſt not that idle ſceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withſtand.

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Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or pray'rs I will reſign:
Mine ſhe ſhall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
And having firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native home.
He ſaid: the helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more,
But ſped his ſteps along the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore:
Silent he fled; ſecure at length he ſtood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God.
O ſource of ſacred light, attend my pray'r,
God with the ſilver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chryſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whoſe broad eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my juſt revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
How much thy pow'r is injur'd in thy prieſt.

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He pray'd, and Phœbus hearing, urg'd his flight;
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters ſent:
Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with fun'ral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heav'ns awful ſceptre in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,
And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watry plains,
And wand'ring homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?

Such

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Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from
Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
ſpoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come
foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian pow'rs to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Pow'rs above;

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Wouldſt thou the ſeeds deep ſown of miſchief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs pow'rs of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſov'reigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n tho th' offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,
Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted pow'r
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without controul.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,

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None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.

At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hecatomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſel captive in his chain,
And preſents are refus'd, and pray'rs preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God;
Then he, perhaps, atton'd by pray'r, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
Upſtarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breaſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the fire:

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Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never found
Without a prieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
For not one bleſs'd event foretold to me
Paſs'd thro that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
And now thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy ſland'ring trade.
Obtending heav'n, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputt'ring under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſov'reign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my nuptial bow'r.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private int'reſt ought not to be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;

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Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in pow'r, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, tho largely ſoul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to reſume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be born but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conqu'ring Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large int'reſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Tho thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,

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While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſov'reign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment leſs us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of pray'r.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee:
Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my pris'ner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.

At this, Achilles roul'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies.

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O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil, and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree,
To puniſh thy affronting heav'n, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought;
By common ſuffrage giv'n, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.

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Tho mine are firſt in fight, to force the prey;
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give;
Nor murm'ring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldſt ingroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the public ſcorn.
The king, whoſe brows with ſhining gold were bound,
Who ſaw his throne with ſcepter'd ſlaves encompaſs'd round,
Thus anſwer'd ſtern: Go, at thy pleaſure, go:
We need not ſuch a friend, nor fear we ſuch a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will aſſiſt, and Jove aſſert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art leaſt at my command, and moſt my foe.
Debates, diſſenſions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to deſtroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boaſt alone;
At leaſt 'tis lent from heav'n; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.

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But mark this menace; ſince I muſt reſign
My black-ey'd maid, to pleaſe the Pow'rs divine:
(A well-rigg'd veſſel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ſhip ſhall waft her to her wiſh'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-ſhooting God.
This thus diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy deſpight,
This hand ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
Briſeis ſhall be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What odds of awful pow'r I have on thee:
That others at thy coſt may learn the diff'rence of degree.
At this th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
His heart impetuous in his boſom boil'd.
And juſtled by two tides of equal ſway,
Stood, for a while, ſuſpended in his way.
Betwixt his reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
One whiſper'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counſell'd to the ſafer ſide;
This to the ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpuniſh'd to ſupport th' affront was hard:
Nor eaſy was th' attempt to force the guard.

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But ſoon the thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half ſhone his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Deſcended ſwift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both:)
Juſt as in act he ſtood, in clouds inſhrin'd,
Her hand ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
To him, and him alone confeſs'd in view.
Tam'd by ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghaſt at firſt, and ſtupid with ſurprize:
But by her ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus beſpoke.
Com'ſt thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reaſon will reſume her ſov'reign ſway,
And ſent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal ſhe loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
And ceaſe contention; be thy words ſevere,
Sharp as he merits: but the ſword forbear,

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An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:
When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.
The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heav'n's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their Pow'rs, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.
Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.
At her departure his diſdain return'd:
The fire ſhe fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Daſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preace,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to controul.

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Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary pow'r,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſcepter, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch
ſhall bear:
Torn from the tree, and giv'n by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no pray'r perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conqu'ring arms, with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſceptre threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.
But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reas'ning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;

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And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; ſtill in council great.
What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private int'reſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold agen.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands,
When ſalvage beaſts, and men's more ſalvage bands,
Their virtuous toil ſubdu'd: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With pow'rful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.
If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminiſh'd name,
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſov'reign ſway
Beyond the bounds free-ſubjects can obey:

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But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor, thou, brave champion, with his pow'r contend,
Before whoſe throne, ev'n kings their lower'd ſcepters bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Pow'r, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their ſource;
Command thyſelf, whom no commands can force.
The ſon of Thetis, rampire of our hoſt,
Is worth our care to keep; nor ſhall my pray'rs be loſt.
Thus Neſtor ſaid, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His ſilence next; but ponder'd ere he ſpoke.
Wiſe are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial ſway.
Controuling kings, and trampling on our ſtate,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have giv'n him ſtrength: but whence the ſtile
Of lawleſs pow'r aſſum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him ſhort; and thus reply'd;
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.

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For who but a poltron, poſſeſs'd with fear,
Such haughty inſolence can tamely bear?
Command thy ſlaves: my freeborn ſoul diſdains
A tyrant's curb; and reſtiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no diſpute ſhall riſe
(Tho mine the woman) for my raviſh'd prize:
But ſhe excepted, as unworthy ſtrife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch ought of mine beſide, by lot my due,
But ſtand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, elſe, not hitherto withſtood,
Theſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.

He ſaid; and roſe the firſt: the council broke;
And all their grave conſults diſſolv'd in ſmoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance vent,
Patroclus follow'd ſilent to his tent.

Mean time, the king with gifts a veſſel ſtores;
Supplies the banks with twenty choſen oars:
And next, to reconcile the ſhooter God,
Within her hollow ſides the ſacrifice he ſtow'd:
Chryſeis laſt was ſet on board; whoſe hand
Ulyſſes took, intruſted with command:
They plow the liquid ſeas, and leave the leſs'ning land.

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boaſt,
Bade purify the ſin-polluted hoſt.

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With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
And from the Goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come
To vindicate his pow'r, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.
Their sov'reign seated on his chair, they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.

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With gloomy looks he ſaw them ent'ring in
Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen.
He ſoon the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontroul'd,
Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifeſt: that never more
This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
No, let the Grecian pow'rs oppreſs'd in fight,
Unpity'd periſh in their tyrant's ſight.
Blind of the future, and by rage miſled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his inſulted camp from foes defend.
He ſaid, and ſoon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briſeis from her tent;
Then to th' intruſted meſſengers reſign'd:
She wept, and often caſt her eyes behind:

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Forc'd from the man ſhe lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the ſhore, a pris'ner to their prince.
Sole on the barren ſands the ſuff'ring chief
Roar'd out for anguiſh, and indulg'd his grief.
Caſt on his kindred ſeas a ſtormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus beſpoke.
Unhappy parent, of a ſhort-liv'd ſon,
Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won
To grace my ſmall remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with ſhame?
Suff'ring his king of men to force my ſlave,
Whom, well deſerv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
Set by old Ocean's ſide the Goddeſs heard;
Then from the ſacred deep her head ſhe rear'd:
Roſe like a morning-miſt; and thus begun
To ſooth the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his ſmart?
Let thy afflicted parent ſhare her part.
Then, ſighing from the bottom of his breaſt,
To the Sea-Goddeſs thus the Goddeſs-born addreſs'd.
Thou know'ſt my pain, which telling but recals:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

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The ranſack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden ſpoils;
Equal we ſhar'd them; but before the reſt,
The proud Prerogative had ſeiz'd the beſt.
Chryſeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her ſire, Apollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his ſcepter of command.
His ſuit was common, but above the reſt
To both the brother-princes was addreſs'd.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to ſet the pris'ner free.
Not ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heav'nly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held ſo dear;

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In an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
And heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
A ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
The ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,
The God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common ſuffrage giv'n; but, thou, be won,
If in thy pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:
Aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
Thy juſt complaint, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
Thy pow'r was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,

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Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heav'n, but mortal men below
By his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
Twice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſate above
Aſſeſſor to the throne of thund'ring Jove.)
The Gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp incloſe:
Ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
And what their king deſerves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
May learn the value of the man he loſt.

To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd,
Ah wretched me! by fates averſe, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heav'n not otherwiſe ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.

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But now thy planet ſheds his pois'nous rays
And ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heav'n I will aſcend,
And at the Thund'rer's throne thy ſuit commend.
Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heav'n with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heav'n my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Mean time with proſp'rous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where ent'ring with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt,

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Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire.
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with pray'r;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.
God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my pray'r haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.

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But from th' afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.
Now when the ſolemn rites of pray'r were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted ox'en ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd;
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſe
With ſav'ry meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.

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The firſt libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch? Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and peæns to the bowyer king.
At ſun-ſet to their ſhip they make return,
And ſnore ſecure on decks, till roſy morn.
The ſkies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with lab'ring oars they leave the ſhore:
The Pow'r appeas'd, with winds ſuffic'd the ſail,
The bellying canvas ſtrutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with ſurly pride,
And preſs againſt the ſides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the ſtrand their gally moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked ſhore.
Mean time the Goddeſs-born in ſecret pin'd;
Nor viſited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But keeping cloſe, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wiſh'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppreſs'd in fight to hear the dying ſounds.

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Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head aſcending from the ſea,
A ſhoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her ſon,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Purſu'd their track; and waken'd from his reſt,
Before the ſovereign ſtood a morning gueſt.
Him in the circle, but apart, ſhe found:
The reſt at awful diſtance ſtood around.
She bow'd, and ere ſhe durſt her ſute begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus. If I, celeſtial ſire, in ought
Have ſerv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpſe of glory to my iſſue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Diſhonour'd by the king of men he ſtands:
His rightful prize is raviſh'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my ſon's defence,
Aſſume thy pow'r, aſſert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.

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She ceas'd, but the conſid'ring God was mute:
Till ſhe, reſolv'd to win, renew'd her ſute:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the Gods, am leaſt in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And ſighing firſt, this anſwer he return'd.
Know'ſt thou what clamors will diſturb my reign,
What my ſtunn'd ears from Juno muſt ſuſtain?
In council ſhe gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now ſhe will my partial pow'r upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and ſhun her jealous ſight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy ſute, he bows the ſky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The ſign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The ſtamp of heav'n, and ſeal of fate. He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heav'n's ſubſiding hill:
And from his ſhaken curls ambroſial dews diſtil.

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The Goddeſs goes exulting from his ſight,
And ſeeks the ſeas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Pow'rs reſort,
Each from his houſe to fill the ſovereign's court.
Nor waiting ſummons, nor expecting ſtood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But ſullen diſcontent ſate low'ring on her face.
With jealous eyes, at diſtance ſhe had ſeen,
Whiſp'ring with Jove, the ſilver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her ſilence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone ſhe ſpoke.
Author of ills, and cloſe contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what proſtitute of love,
Has held thy ear ſo long, and begg'd ſo hard,
For ſome old ſervice done, ſome new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your ſpecial care,
The conſort never muſt the council ſhare.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is ſuch.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddeſſes are women: and no wife
Has pow'r to regulate her huſband's life:

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Counſel ſhe may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge firſt, of what is fit to hear.
What I tranſact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor preſs too near the throne.
To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes,
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Tho privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common ſight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.
To whom the Thund'rer made this ſtern reply;
My houſhold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.
Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my ſight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worſe for thee.

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Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand againſt Omnipotence.
This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear:
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the Gods abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſov'reign's look.
The limping Smith obſerv'd the ſadden'd feaſt,
And hopping here and there, (himſelf a jeſt)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obſequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heav'n will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleaſure will for mortals jar?
Such diſcord but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
One grain of bad, embitters all the beſt.
Mother, tho wiſe yourſelf, my counſel weigh;
'Tis much unſafe my ſire to diſobey.
Not only you provoke him to your coſt,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is loſt.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has pow'r
To throw you headlong, from his heav'nly tow'r.
But one ſubmiſſive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.

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He ſaid no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus purſu'd,
This curſed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient ſtill;
Tho griev'd, yet ſubject to her huſband's will.
I would not ſee you beaten; yet afraid
Of Jove's ſuperior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
When I, and all the Gods employ'd our pow'r
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heav'n's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting ſun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
And ſmiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude ſkinker ſtill reſtor'd.
Loud fits of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
The limping God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
The feaſt continu'd till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.

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Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muſes ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
Each to his houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
His ſwimming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his ſide.

The

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The Laſt Parting of

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to viſit Helen his ſiſter-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unſucceſsfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to ſee his wife Andromache, and his infant ſon Aſtyanax. The deſcription of that interview is the ſubject of this tranſlation.

THUS having ſaid, brave Hector went to ſee
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for ſhe was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant ſon,
To climb the ſteepy tow'r of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, ſhe might ſurvey
The bloody buſineſs of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes ſhe caſt around the plain,
And ſought the lord of her deſires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When ſhe, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and aſk'd of ev'ry one,
Which way ſhe took, and whither ſhe was gone;

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If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long proceſſion to Minerva's fane?
The ſervants anſwer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's ſons and daughters did reſort,
Nor to the temple was ſhe gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But more ſolicitous for him alone,
Than all their ſafety, to the tow'r was gone,
There to ſurvey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly ſhe paſs'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurſe went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no ſtay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He paſs'd thro every ſtreet, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's crown,
And, in herſelf, a greater dow'r alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with her child.

The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.

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Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile;
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:
Preſs'd in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
Then ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke.
Thy dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor doſt thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:
Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;

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He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tow'r, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.

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By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains.
The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.

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Not Troy itſelf, tho built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.

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The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'er-ſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke.
Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Pow'rs above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd:

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With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

FINIS.

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